The Meteor.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/meteor1896beth

4273

The Meteor.

Published by

The Junior Glass of Bethany College,

Bethany, West Virginia.

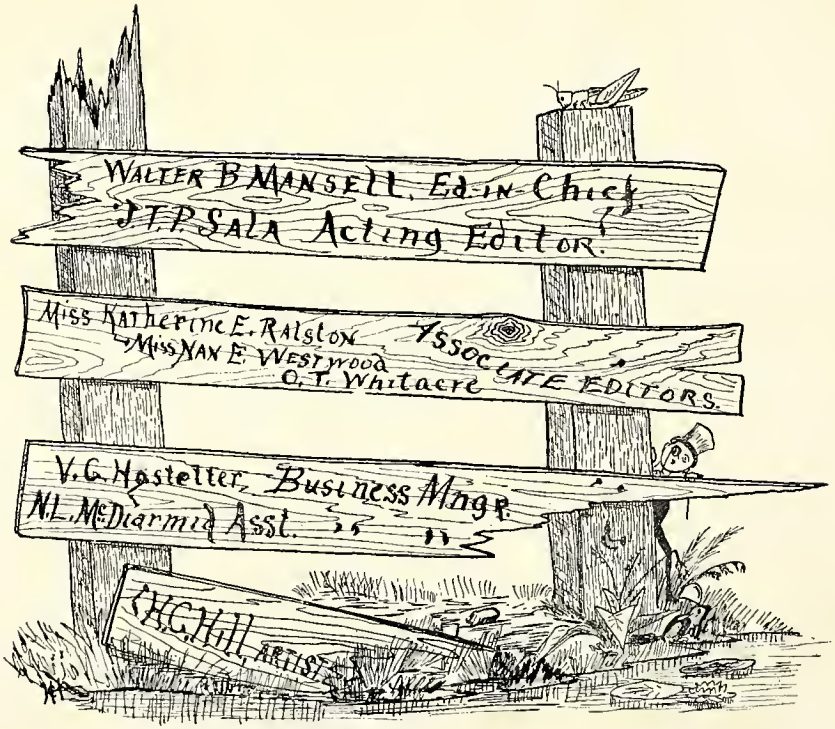
May, 1896.

To the Memory of

Alexander Campbell,

The noble Founder of our
beloved College,

Reverently we dedicate this Annual.


WALTER B MANSELL, Ed-in-Chief.
J.T.P. SALA Acting Editor.
Miss Katherine E. Ralston
Miss Nan E. Westwood
O. T. Whitacre
ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
V. G. Hostetter, Business Mngr.
N.L. McDiarmid Asst. " "
F.H.C. Hill ARTIST

Editorial.

IN UNDERTAKING to publish an Annual the class of '97 has broken virgin soil. The life of old Bethany—so replete with incidents and illustrations of interest—has never yet found expression through the College Annual. To inaugurate the Annual at Bethany is the honor of '97.

It has been our aim to present in our first attempt a book of interest not only to students but one of value also to all interested in Bethany—one which shall truly represent our College and her life.

With brain wearied from repeated requests for contributors' "copy," with fingers aching from correcting manuscript, in all modesty and under many misgivings, we raise the curtain, make our bow to the public and submit to you, dear reader, the BETHANY METEOR, trusting that it may win your favor. We ask you to judge us not with "the critic's eye," but accept our work at its best, remembering that whatever value our efforts may have, they are all given for love of old Bethany and for her honor.

Through many weary days we have striven to reflect credit upon our class and to fulfill the task imposed upon us acceptably. In our zeal to make THE METEOR a thing of beauty and a profit to the College, we have doubtless made mistakes and overlooked some matters of detail.

From lack of space, there are those whose manuscripts have been rejected. We pray that they wreak not their vengeance on our luckless heads. For without partiality we have

endeavored to select the best manuscript, and, if yours does not appear printed on these pages, kindly remember that it has only suffered the fate of many another.

We have tried to represent all phases of college life. *Your* picture will be found further on. Our humorous writers, we trust, have not failed to make you see their points, neither have those composing in serious vein fallen below the dignity of their office.

We desire to thank all our friends for the encouragement they have given us and for the readiness with which they have responded to our calls for help. Most heartily do we appreciate the kindness of our professors, who, realizing the volume and importance of the work upon our hands, dealt so leniently with us. The faculty, 'tis true, failed to release us from our chapel orations, but we forgive them because they did it through mistaken kindness.

We take pride in being the first editorial staff chosen to publish a Bethany Annual. It cannot be said of *our* METEOR that it falls short of its predecessors, since there are none; and if next year's METEOR should surpass this one, we shall still have the satisfaction of knowing that others built on the foundation we laid.

Again invoking the favor of our readers, we commit THE METEOR to your kind consideration, hoping that you may spend many happy hours perusing its pages.

Yours, without a throe, a quail or a penny,

THE EDITORS.

Bethany College Yells.

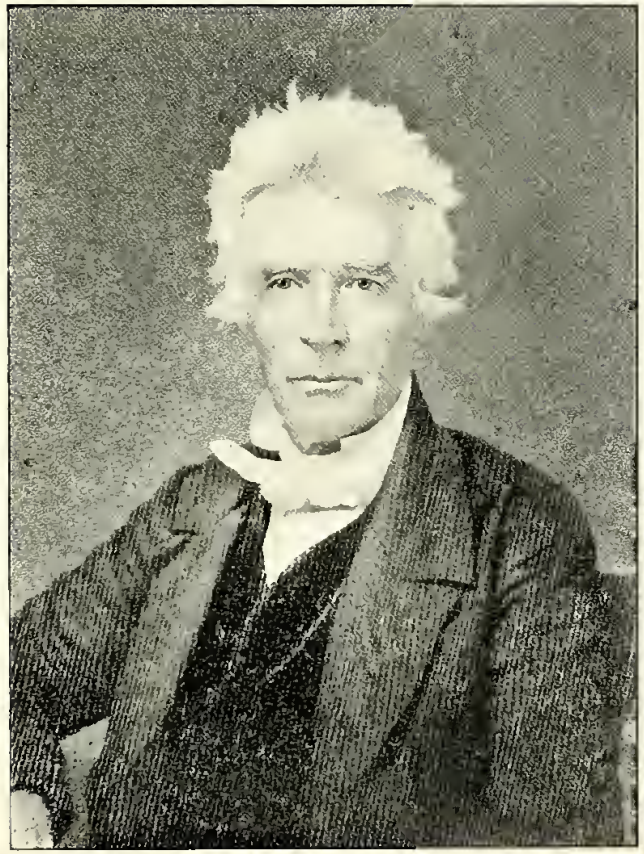
Hi!–yi!–yi! Hi!–yi!–yi!
Rah!–Hoo! Beth–a–nee!

• • •

Chee–he! Chee–ha! Ha! ha! ha!
Betha–ny! Betha–ny! Rah! rah! rah!

• • •

Colors—*White and Green.*



Alexander Campbell.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL was born in County Antrim, Ireland, September 12th, 1786. In early boyhood he was more fond of field sports than of books. His first lessons were learned at an elementary school in Market Hill, County Armagh; later he attended an academy at Newry; and, lastly he was a student at the University of Glasgow, Scotland.

His father, Thomas Campbell, had united with the Secession, or Antiburger Presbyterian Church, and it was under its jurisdiction that he came to America, in 1807, and located near Washington, Pennsylvania, whither he was followed by Alexander in October of 1809.

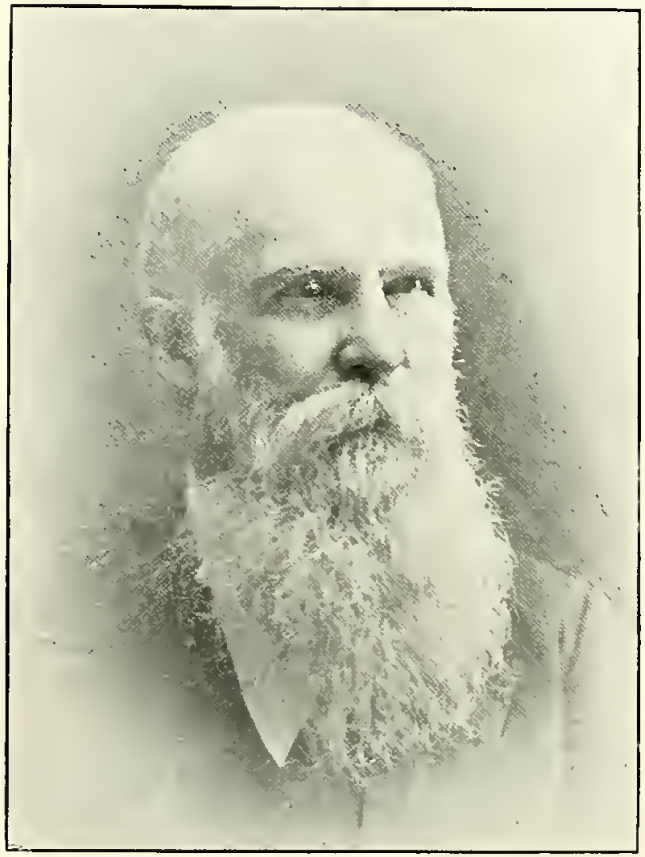
His first effort at public speaking was an exhortation before a small audience in a private house, and following a sermon by his father. He was then 24 years old. Shortly after this, in May of 1810, he preached his first regular discourse at Brush Run.

A year later, March 12, 1811, he was married to Margaret Brown, at her father's residence. In 1812 he was formally ordained to the ministry. In 1818 he opened in his own house a school for both sexes, known as the Buffalo Academy. In 1827 his first wife died, and in 1828 he was married to Selina H. Bakewell. In 1830 he was a delegate to the Virginia convention for amending the state constitution.

In 1841 the crown and consummation of all his earthly projects was reached in the founding of Bethany College.

The life of Alexander Campbell was filled with arduous and varied labors. He taught, he traveled, he preached, at home and abroad; he wrote, early and late; he debated in private and in public, before vast audiences, with the representative men of the day, in behalf of a simple faith against the stronghold of creeds, in behalf of the Protestant world against Romanism, and in behalf of universal Christianity against Infidelity.

In stature he was tall, and to the last his bearing was majestic. He died in 1866 at the age of eighty. In the last days of a serenely beautiful old age—as in youth—his noble cheerfulness of disposition shone with none the less power to charm and bless those whose privilege it was to enjoy his companionship.



William K. Pendleton.

WILLIAM KIMBROUGH PENDLETON was born in Louisa county, Virginia, September 8th, 1817. He was educated at the University of Virginnia, where he completed an elective course in classical, scientific and philosophical studies and was also graduated from the law school. In 1840 he was admitted to the bar, but soon after, in 1841, having married a daughter of Alexander Campbell, he removed to Bethany to take part in the founding of Bethany College. He was Professor of Natural Science and Astronomy, and later divided with Professor Loos the classes of the ministerial course.

After the burning of the first College building in 1857, he accompanied Alexander Campbell through the west and south, soliciting funds for the erection of the present building. He had been for some years Vice President of the College. On the death of Alexander Campbell, in 1866, he became President, and during the many years of financial distress, dating from the civil war, which crippled the work to which he was devoted, he also filled the difficult and laborious office of Treasurer. He was associate editor of the *Millenial Harbinger* from its beginning, and was for some years associated in the editorship of the *Christian Standard*. Amid these labors he found time for much preaching, for much traveling and a large correspondence in the interests both of the College and the Church; and to prepare and deliver addresses in behalf of almost every public interest.

In 1876, as a result of a movement begun by the teachers of the state, he was elected Superintendent for a term of four years. During this period he gave to the labor of reducing to method the practical workings of a school system that he found in imperfect order, every moment that could be taken from the occupations of an already busy life.

Dr. Pendleton has been thrice married; in 1840 to Malvin M., and in 1847 to Clarinda, both daughters of Alexander Campbell, and in 1855 to Catherine H., daughter of Judge L. King, of Warren, Ohio. In 1887, retiring from active service in Bethany College, he removed with his wife and younger children to Eustis, Florida, where he now resides.

W. H. Woolery.

W. H. WOOLERY was born in the hill country of northern Kentucky, on October 26th, 1850. His father taught him the alphabet from the capital letters at the heads of chapters of the New Testament. At the age of five he was put in the public school under a most competent teacher, Gideon Calvin. The structure of his future education was substantial, because it was founded on the bedrock—a thorough training in the common branches.

Although reared on a farm, yet his work was not congenial to his nature, for often when sent to the field to plow he would open up his concealed books and become so absorbed in them that he usually forgot to plow. For two years he attended a select school in an adjoining district, where he made considerable progress in rhetoric, algebra, latin and public speaking in the weekly polemic.

He entered Kentucky University at the age of 22, attended two years, then entered Bethany College, attended three years and was graduated in the Ministerial Course in 1876. Immediately upon graduation he accepted a call to the Church at Pompey, New York, the home of some of New York's most illustrious statesmen. He removed in 1878 to Hopedale, Ohio, a college town, where he preached with great satisfaction to intelligent audiences. In 1879 he was called to the Church at Somerset, Pennsylvania, the home of Jeremiah Black and other distinguished men. His studies were pursued with more ardor after graduation than before. And now, on account of his growing popularity both as a speaker and scholar, the Chair of Latin was tendered him by his Alma Mater in 1882. Two years later, in the absence of President Pendleton, he was elected Chairman of the Faculty; and in 1887, after five years successful teaching, he was chosen President of Bethany College, to succeed Dr. Pendleton.

He filled all these positions of honor with becoming dignity and distinction. During the two years of his Presidency the number of students was greatly increased. He died of typhoid fever, in July 1889, before the sun of his life had risen to its meridian splendor.

Archibald McLean.

ARCHIBALD McLEAN is the son of Malcolm and Alexandra McLean. His parents left Scotland in their youth and settled on Prince Edward island. His father lives there still; his mother having gone to her long home when he was a child. On this beautiful island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence the subject of this sketch was born, and received an elementary education.

He united with the Church in Summerside under preaching of the saintly D. Crawford. Having worked for some years at carriage making, he entered Bethany College in September, 1869, and was graduated in June, 1874. The Sunday following Commencement he began his ministry with the Church at Mt. Healthy, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. At that time Isaac Errett was editing the *Standard*; W. T. Moore and A. I. Hobbs were preaching in Cincinnati.

In March, 1882, he was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Society. For three years this work demanded a part of his time. In 1885 he gave up the work in Mt. Healthy that he might devote his whole time and strength to the work of the Society.

On the death of W. H. Woolery, he was elected President of Bethany College. In this position he proved himself the true, earnest worker he had ever been. Consecrated to his work and fully realizing the responsibility resting upon him, he labored to uphold and elevate Bethany's standard of learning. His labors were fraught with success, and he endeared himself to Faculty and students alike.

For two years he filled both positions. The double work proving too onerous he resigned the Presidency of the College June 17, 1891. He is yet a young man (the exact date of his birth is not known, as the record was destroyed), and in a letter to the editor says, "My record is yet to be made." Those who know him best have no doubt as to the character of that record. As a leader in our foreign mission work, he holds a position of great responsibility and usefulness.

John M. Trible.

JOHN M. TRIBLE was born near Dunnsville, Virginia, August 18th, 1851. He was educated mainly in Dunnsville Academy and Bethany College. He entered Bethany College in 1873, and graduated in June, 1875. In November of the same year he took charge of the Church at Norfolk, Virginia. He remained there until September, 1877, when he moved to Franklin, Tennessee. From Franklin he went to Memphis, Tennessee, in January, 1879. In August, 1882, he accepted the pastorate of the Church in Buffalo, New York, succeeding G. L. Wharton, who went as a missionary to India.

He remained here until January, 1887, when he went to St. Louis to take the position of office editor of the *Christian Evangelist*. While there he also occupied the pulpit of the Central Church. In February, 1888, he was called back to the pastorate of the Buffalo Church, and remained there until he accepted the Professorship of New Testament Theology in Bethany College in September, 1889, and was also made Vice President of the institution. On the resignation of President McLean, he was chosen to act as Chairman of the Faculty and and President, *pro tempore*.

He was married June 24th, 1879, to Miss Susie Campbell, daughter of William P. and Susan Campbell, of Franklin, Tennessee. Four children—two boys and two girls—have blessed this union. He attributed chief credit for whatever he was able to accomplish, to his estimable wife. While still a young man, Professor Trible died at Bethany, September 25th, 1889. His death awakened profound sorrow throughout the brotherhood.

Every person who knew him had come to love him for his beautiful character, and to trust him because of his wisdom. His sun has gone down ere it is yet noon. His life had great promises of usefulness. But God knows, and let us not doubt He has use for such spirits in the higher activities of the spiritual realm. His wish that he might "go to heaven from old Bethany" was fulfilled, but alas! how much sooner than he or we anticipated.

Hugh McDiarmid.

HUGH McDIARMID was born in Ontario, Canada, July 10th, 1837. His parents came from the Highlands of Scotland. When old enough he went to school in winter and worked in summer. This continued until he was qualified to teach a common school, which he did for five years.

In 1860 he united with the Church and soon began to speak in public. Four years later he entered Bethany College. He was graduated in the class of 1867 in the honor group. Immediately after graduation Mr. McDiarmid accepted a call from the Church at Barnesville, Ohio, where he remained two years. During his ministry at Barnesville he was married to Miss Mary Campbell, the gifted and accomplished daughter of Mr. Neil Campbell, of Morpeth, Canada.

In 1875 he accepted a call from the Churches of Christ in Canada, asking him to do evangelistic work for what was known as the Wellington Co-operation. He removed to Toronto, where he remained eight years, preaching in that city and holding meetings with many of the Churches. In addition to his work as an evangelist he edited the *Bible Index*, a monthly religious magazine. While he was in Canada he had eight public discussions, one of which has been published.

Early in 1883 he went to Cincinnati at the request of Dr. Isaac Errett, who wished him to assist in editing the *Christian Standard*. After the untimely death of J. M. Trible, acting President of Bethany College, the Trustees unanimously elected Mr. McDiarmid to the Presidency.

His preaching is pre-eminently scriptural and spiritual. He is the prince of expositors. As a debater he is fair to an opponent. At the same time he is quick to see a fallacy in argument and abundantly able to deal with it. However much one might differ from him in views, no one ever felt any doubt as to his being a Christian, a gentleman and a scholar.

His experience as a teacher, preacher and editor qualifies him for the difficult but honorable position which he now holds.

Board of Trustees.

A. McLEAN,	Cincinnati, Ohio.	GEORGE T. OLIVER,	Pittsburg, Pa.
W. K. PENDLETON,	Eustis, Florida.	J. H. JONES,	Alliance, Ohio.
J. W. MULHOLLAND,	Philadelphia, Pa.	RUSSELL ERRETT,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
JOHN CAMPBELL,	St. Thomas, Ontario.	W. C. LYNE,	Pittsburg, Pa.
HON. GEO. H. ANDERSON,	Pittsburg, Pa.	HON. THOMAS W. PHILLIPS,	New Castle, Pa.
JUDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL,	New Cumberland, W. Va.	DR. ROGER WILLIAMS,	Pittsburg, Pa.
H. K. PENDLETON,	Pittsburg, Pa.	JOHN C. PALMER,	Wellsburg, W. Va.
A. W. CAMPBELL,	Wheeling, W. Va.	J. J. BARCLAY,	Tangier, Morrocco.
J. E. CURTIS,	Wellsburg, W. Va.	R. S. LATIMER,	Pittsburg, Pa.
DR. J. E. WHITSITT,	Perryopolis, Pa.	GEORGE DARSIE,	Frankfort, Kentucky.
R. MOFFETT,	Cleveland, Ohio.	DR. I. M. RIDGE,	Kansas City, Missouri.
F. D. POWER,	Washington, D. C.	S. M. COOPER,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,	Bethany, W. Va.	M. M. COCHRAN,	Uniontown, Pa.
CHARLES SHIELDS,	Pittsburg, Pa.	OLIVER MARSHALL,	New Cumberland, W. Va.
JUDGE L. BACON,	Kansas City, Missouri.	C. B. SCOTT,	Bethany, W. Va.

Executive Committee.

HUGH McDIARMID, A. C. PENDLETON, S. M. JEFFERSON,
R. H. WYNNE, J. E. CURTIS.

J. C. PALMER, Treasurer.

MISS A. C. PENDLETON, Librarian, and Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

B. T. BLANPIED, Curator of the Museum, and Secretary of the Faculty.

S. M. JEFFERSON, Bursar.

CAMPBELL McCLEVER, Chancellor.

A. C. PENDLETON.
J. N. DODD.

EUGENE FEUCHTINGER.
HUGH MCDIARMID.

CLARA E. SHEPARD.
OSCAR SCHMIEDEL.

THE FACULTY.

Bethany College History.

THE religious movement which has for its object the restoration, in their pristine purity, of the simple faith and practices of the early followers of Christ, has been the most important of this century and one of the grandest of all time. Those who accept as their only creed the Bible and its teachings and acknowledge as their only name the one first given at Antioch, now number more than a million souls scattered over the civilized world. The head and front of this movement was Alexander Campbell and the most potent factor in it has been Bethany College, a creation of his imperial intellect. A detailed history of Bethany would be in a large measure a history of the men who have made this epoch-making reformation a success. But our space permits us only a meagre outline.

Alexander Campbell considered an immoral person uneducated, and in the College which he proposed to found, especial attention was to be given to the Bible and the moral and religious training to be derived therefrom, as the essential element in a liberal education. But a generous provision was also to be made for other studies and more than usual prominence was to be given to the physical sciences.

With these ideas of its founder in view, the charter of the College was obtained from the Legislature of Virginia, in 1840, by John C. Campbell, of Wheeling. Philip B. Pendleton, of Virginia, made the first donation, $1,000. The first meeting of the Board of Trustees took place, May 11th, 1840, and at the second meeting, September 18th, Mr. Campbell was elected President of the College and requested to prepare a course of studies. He presented to the Board a tract of land for the use of the College and he immediately proceeded to erect thereon a large brick structure for the accommodation of students. The Professors were elected by the Board May 10th, 1841, and the first session opened November 1st and closed July 4th in the following year. The Faculty consisted of six members, all under 30 years of age, except the President. About one-third of the 102 students enrolled were members of the Church.

As the College building was not yet completed, the recitations were conducted in the Stewards Inn, where both students and Faculty boarded. The Professors soon discovered

irregularities in the conduct of some of the students, and cases of discipline occurred at the outset. The chapel exercises and the regular morning lecture on the Bible by the President, at which all the students were required to be present, took place at half past six o'clock in the morning. Each student stood his term examination before the entire faculty. The first class graduated in 1844, and since that time Bethany has not failed to furnish its annual quota of graduates.

The high character of these graduates was soon discovered, and the College had been established on a secure basis by the liberality of its founder and friends, when on December 10th, 1857, the faculty, students and villagers had to view with vain regret the destruction of the entire College building with its precious contents by the flames. President Campbell and Professor Pendleton immediately began to solicit funds with which to rebuild, and their labors were approaching a happy consummation when they were suddenly interrupted by the rude shock of the Civil War.

In 1866, the College lost its great founder and President, Alexander Campbell, and Professor W. K. Pendleton, an accomplished scholar and polished gentlemen of the old school, who had been a Professor in the College from its foundation, was chosen President. In 1871, the present spacious and imposing College building was completed, but in 1879 a portion of it, the Chapel and Society Halls, was burned to the ground.

In 1887, after nearly a half century of faithful and efficient service, Dr. Pendleton retired from the active duties of the Presidency, and W. H. Woolery, a man of marked ability, was elected to succeed him. During President Woolery's term, by the generosity of Hon. Thomas W. Phillips, Phillips' Hall, an admirable structure for its purpose, was erected to accommodate the young lady students. About the same time the stately structure known as the "Heights" was acquired. On July 30, 1889, President Woolery met an untimely death from typhoid fever. A. McLean, who was the next President, resigned in 1892, and was succeeded by President McDiarmid.

MRS. BESSIE TRIBLE. S. M. JEFFERSON. A. C. MCKEEVER.
R. H. WYNNE. B. C. BONDURANT. H. S. SHELL. B. T. BLANPIED.

THE FACULTY.

Among the distinguished Professors of Bethany we may mention the honored names of Richardson, Loos, Milligan, Kemper, Harding (now at Lehigh), Dolbear (the inventor of the *Bell* Telephone), Zollars, Hagerman, James, Lane, Allen and Trible. At least ten of its graduates are at this time presidents of influential colleges and universities. Its ministerial students, by their eloquence and piety have carried its fame to all parts of the civilized world. Others of its *Alumni* have sat in the halls of congress and represented their country in European capitals. Like the Roman matron, Bethany, when asked for her jewels, proudly points to her sons. With such a record, she challenges the support of every true Christian and the sympathy of every good citizen.

The Faculty.

HUGH McDIARMID, A. M., President,
And Professor of Mental, Moral and Political Science, and of Church History.

W. K. PENDLETON, LL. D.
President Emeritus.

A. C. PENDLETON, A. M.,
Professor of French and German, and of English Literature.

OSCAR SCHMIEDEL, A. M., J. N. DODD, A. M. Assistant,
Professors of Mathematics, Astronomy and Civil Engineering.

B. T. BLANPIED, A. M.,
Professor of Natural Science.

R. H. WYNNE, A. M.,
Professor of Hebrew and of Modern History.

S. M. JEFFERSON, A. M.,
Professor of Biblical Literature and Doctrine, and of New Testament Greek.

H. S. SHELL, A. M.,
Professor of Greek.

B. C. BONDURANT, A. B.,
Professor of Latin.

MRS. BESSIE C. TRIBLE,
Professor of Drawing and Painting.

EUGENE FEUCHTINGER, A. M.,
Director of Music.

MISS CLARA SHEPARD,
Instructor on Stringed Instruments.

BENJAMIN BROWN, Jr.,
Professor of Elocution and Oratory.

Senior Poem, '96.

HONOR and Fame at last agree,
That for years of toil and care;
Our Alma Mater sets us free,
To the trials we should share.
For gems, all aglow with delight,
Do our Senior hearts aspire;
To search after truth and the right
And from the battle ne'er retire.

To the bright fields and sunny lands,
Not all paths of glory lead;
Nor with glist'ning royal garlands,
Do we weave the crown we need:
Still, by gleeful song reclaiming,
We prepare our onward way,
Though the bivouac fires be flaming,
Never! never! to dismay.

Like tempestuous billows reaping,
Craggy rocks from off the shore;
And the gay surf swiftly sweeping,
Calmly smoother than before;
So it is with mental tissue,
Played upon by Wisdom's bow;
Sweeter music at each issue,
And a more harmonious flow.

Not alone for education,
Is mere existence so sweet;
No, not even consolation
Casts its rubies at her feet:
For the stream of knowledge, wending
Into mist upon the gale,
Asks the light from heav'n descending
If there's rest beyond the vale.

Yet profoundest erudition,
In pursuit of life's chief aim,
Seeks its consummate completion
Not in lustre of a name;
But to find in marble real,
Gently carved by vict'rys won,
A statue of our bright ideal,
When the weary work is done.

A. F. WILLETT. J. J. WHITE. J. A. CANBY. T. G. PICTON. L. G. WILLETT.

EMMA FERRALL. GERTRUDE FREW.

R. J. BAMBER. G. W. GILMORE. E. C. HARRIS. E. H. HART. R. H. MRRRYMAN.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Senior History.

AMONG the great events that mark Bethany's revival from the last decade, none is more remarkable than the revelation of the present Senior Class. From the time they were sighted off the train at Wellsburg, four years ago, marvellous skill and jurisprudence have attended all their ways. No sooner were they upon the College grounds than they joined hands in sweet fruition to protect one another from any molestation of other classes, which ties have never been broken. Soon the "class spirit" arose. '96 organized with R. J. Bamber as president.

The "Junior tree" was planted after many sleepless nights, and '96 to the beat of the drum with vociferous, deafening cheers, swooped the campus like a hurricane, leaving no trace of "Junior tree." This was the greatest victory in the history of our Alma Mater. But it was not all, for these trials which Freshmen are wont to endure were only to be hushed by a surprising invitation of all students and Faculty to their banquet at Phillips' Hall. The pleasing and epicurean demonstration, never before offered by another class, purchased for them undying respect.

However, a few of their number were unable to pronounce the "Shibboleth" at the beginning of the Sophomore year, and were relegated to lower classes for their mutual benefit. This year was characterized by a study of the ponderous orations of Lysias, which resound in their ears until this day; and by the election of Luther Moore president, after a thorough canvass in which was displayed the latent genius of a Matt Quay or David B. Hill.

But such ingenious and sagacious collegiates were not long to be denominated Sophomores. The Junior year came. Led on by the indomitable McWane of the Old Dominion, they presented an invincible front to all opposing forces. Sciences and classics were palpably made their own. Nor were they any longer to be excelled in elocution, oratory and art. Readers, able to entertain with commendable repertoire the most critical audiences; orators, imbibing the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero; and artists who placed upon the corridor the best specimens of caricature that ever adorned its walls—veritable productions of art, some

of which the class of '98 begged of them to adorn their own rooms, in order that they might view themselves from the standpoint of artists. Such men as these, I say, were found in the Class of '96. And indeed their girls were not inferior. What a work did they do! The story of their work sheds a halo of glory upon class trials.

Again vacation passed away and the Senior year was upon them. All were prepared to meet it; work which indeed seemed not a task, but only a means by which the brilliant lights flashed their radiance onward toward the goal of perfection; only "a night to bring out the stars." The brevity of space necessitates their names to remain unrecorded, and the story of their deeds shall never grace the pages of this book. But true lives are none the less glorious because their deeds are unrecorded.

There are many bright stars in the northern sky, but there is only one polar star by which the mariner steers his vessel across the boisterous sea; even so many classes have bidden farewell to old Bethany, but here is one on the dawn of departure toward which all eyes are turned in purpose of memory and well wishing.

DAISY VOGEL. J. E. MERRYMAN. J. F. WILLIAMS. J. F. STEWART. J. D. HULL. C. F. MORTIMER. E. E. CRAWFORD. H. C. SAUM. ELLA CHAPMAN. W. T. MCCONNELL. J. W. STEWART. C. A. GROOM.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Class Officers, '96.

PRESIDENT—J. E. Merryman.
VICE PRESIDENT—J. A. Canby.
SECRETARY—Miss L. M. Vogel.
TREASURER—G. W. Gilmore.

• • •

Class Yell.

Boom-rah! Boom-rah!
Boom-rah-ree!
'96! '96!
Beth-a-nee!

• • •

COLORS—*White and Heliotrope.*

Junior Poem, '97.

I SIT tonight by the bright fire light,
Watching its blaze and crimson glow.
The embers red paint pictures bright
Of the days of long ago.

And there flashes up before me
The scenes of those glorious days,
The triumphs of old '97,
Caused by the firelight's bright blaze.

As I read the deeds of her noble past,
Writ in the sparkling fire's gleam,
I see her proud future depicted
In all that her past has been.

For we judge a man's power by his doing—
His talents by what he has done—
And he who performs a small duty
Will faithfully meet a great one.

So I see her sons and her daughters,
With their watchword, "Victory,"
Spread the fame of their Alma Mater
Through every land and sea.

I see in the triumphs of College
The forecast of vict'ries to come,
When the days of preparing are over,
And the real work of life is begun,

And they who in Beth'ny so nobly
Defended the Red and the Gray,
Again in the broader arena
As victors will come from the fray.

The end will bring to the Juniors
The trophies for which they have striven,
And the world will be nobler and better
For the Class of old '97.

B. BROWN, JR. H. G. HILL. R. J. MOORHOUSE. E. N. CLOPPER. O. T. WHITACRE. N. L. MCDIARMID. H. A. WATSON.
C. B. TITUS. J. P. SALA. V. G. HOSTETTER. T. D. THOMAS. G. B. STEWART. C. J. BALDRIDGE.
GOLDIE M. SCOTT. EDMUND WYNNE. J. R. TOLAR. NAN E. WESTWOOD. MARY A. SHAW.
ZONA L. SCOTT. LILLIAN E. BALDRIDGE. KATHERINE RALSTON.
J. M. TRIBLE. OLA D. SCOTT. C. M. WATSON.

Class History, '97.

THE sun is risen. Its golden beams are tipping the turrets of the massive old College building, till its peaks are shining index fingers, pointing our hearts and lives to higher things. The hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," are glorious in their autumn garments of light and beauty, emerald and ruby, gold and gray. And well may Nature clothe herself in gayest robes, the bell toll merrily, merrily; the students tramp the corridor joyfully, joyfully; and the king of day come forth to see and symbolize the Class of '97, the "Light of Bethany." It glorified, illuminated and made Bethany great. It is unique; there has been none like unto it. Yea, verily, since the fiat went forth: "Let us make man;" nor shall there ever be till the angel shall stand with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and cry that time shall be no longer. It never condescended to carry on the callow capers of the commonplace Freshman. From the first, '97 took her rank at the top with a quiet dignity that nonplussed the gravest and most reverend Senior.

True to the traditions and customs of old Bethany, '97, in the Freshman year, shrank not from the annual trial by combat with the Juniors. Our enemy, '95, was variable, violent, vain, and—vanquished. '97 was vigilant, valiant, vigorous, and—invariably victorious.

Our first president was Worker Bookish Mansell. Then we had Always Laboring Perkins, who could do less work in more time than everybody else. And in this year of grace, 1896, we have a prominent new worker, John Remarkable Toiler, who is certainly the *busiest* man of all who went before or shall follow after. He has recently led '97 through the hardest struggle of its life. Comparatively speaking, the Class of '99—our opponent this year in mortal combat—is a minus quantity. But jealous, no doubt, of the prestige acquired by the "Light of Bethany," the other classes united against us. Nevertheless, despite the fearful odds opposing,

"After the 'scrap' was over, after the break of day,
Over the tower was floating the Red and the Silver Gray."

What sons of '97 could better guard our flag than those of whom the one I'd'a gladly placed beside a member of the class of '99, and yet found him superior to any man of 'em; the

other could with equal ease strain out a gnat or swallow a camel. The intense activity of one member of the class—an activity characteristic of the zone in which he lives—turned the "scrap" into a veritable Norman conquest of the 19th century. These members of the class were assisted by a Witty cur, whose Very acuteness enabled him to give alarm at the approach of an enemy. Faithful, too, was our Steward who gave many a Freshman the G. B. Sing unto the class of '97, for it hath triumphed gloriously. The ass ('99) and his rider ('96) hath it thrown into the sea.

Having spoken of our superiority in mastering classics and sick classes—sick when we got through with them—it remains for us to dwell on our progress in science. No better place than Bethany to afford us the opportunity of prosecuting our researches in zoology, geology or botany. We pursued our study of anatomy on the Freshman class, also looking to them for all zoological specimens from the invertibrate to the *genus homo.* Right in our midst, too, is a verdant Hill, adorned with botany specimens, and with the crystal Ralstonite clinging to its sides. Here a Cliff and there Baldridges that will linger pleasantly in the memory, apart from their scientific value. The most precious of stones has also been found by our class, and Professor Blanpied has in charge at present a Diamond of the first H_2O. This may be for Sala, though more probably it will be donated the museum of Cotner University.

But what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Eagon and of Moorhouse and of Hostetter; of David also, and of Clopper and of the rest, who through the power peculiar to their Class, excelled in studies, biz and Shakespeare; waxed valiant in the "scrap," and turned to flight armies of aliens. Who are these that come from everywhere, glorious in their majesty, traveling in the greatness of their strength? These comprise the glorious Class of '97; mighty in power and intellect, sure of their grand reward.

Class Officers, '97.

PRESIDENT—J. R. Tolar, Jr.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER—Miss Ola Scott.

• • •

Class Yell.

Razzle-dazzle, Razzle-dazzle,
Sis! Ra! Boom!
'97! '97! Give her room!

• • •

Greek Yell.

Alala! Alala! Alala!
Nika esti to sunthama,
Hep-ta gar enna-konta.

• • •

COLORS—*White and Slate.*

Sophomore Poem, '98.

IN the beautiful spring of '94,
Just as summer was coming in date,
There did graduate a class whom all adore,
Which dropped its mantle on '98.

When first we uncouth students came,
And timidly entered our classic home,
We were as meek as any dame,
While on the corridor we did roam.

Only a short time had passed away,
Since o 'er our studies we were bent.
Some of our illustrious Class did say,
"I wish to College I 'd ne'er been sent."

Now of College life we became more wise,
And knowing in unity there was strength,
We into a strong Class did organize,
To extend our lives to a prodigious length.

And then for honors our Class did strive,
And spied about for some to see,
When at us the Juniors made a dive,
Whom we whipped and pulled their tree.

* * *

Ring out, sweet bells; chime through the silver gray!
Our Sophomore Class is dawning now toward day.
We gather dewdrops of knowledge in the misty light,
And they form into precious jewels, treasures sparkling bright.

A star in the lighthouse of heaven, shines out like our beacon ray;
A guide to those who may follow our footsteps along the way.
We raise our banner floating proudly, our colors high we wave,
And sing to the love of old Bethany, and our Sophomores both strong and brave.

Class Officers, '98.

PRESIDENT—Z. E. Bates.
VICE PRESIDENT—L. L. Wieker.
SECRETARY—Herbert H. Moninger.
TREASURER—J. W Preston.
CAPTAIN—C. M. Preston.

• • •

Class Yell.

Wah! Who! Wah!
Sis! Boom! Ah!
'98! '98!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

• • •

MOTTO—"Strive to be upright."
COLORS—*White and Gold.*

• • •

Class Roll.

BATES, Z. E.
BEBOUT, D. R.
BIDDLE, F. M.
CAMPBELL, EMMA B.
CHAPLINE, A. R.
CHAPMAN, A. C.
CARROLL, MIRA.
GITTENS, FANNIE.
HOFFMAN, ——
INGRAM, SATTIE.
INGRAM, H. S.
MILLER, H. N.
MONDY, WILLIAM.
MONINGER, HERBERT H.
OTSUKA, FRANK.
PLACE, A. W.
PRESTON, C. M.
PRESTON, J. W.
STICKLEY, M. E.
STICKLEY, W. M.
SWANEY, ESTELLA.
TILOCK, H.
WHITACRE, ALETHA.
WELLS, OSCAR.
WHITE, O. G.
WIEKER, L. L.
YEAGLEY, RELLA.

Class History, '98.

I SUPPOSE that the average age of classes is about 22 years. Then the class that shall go out from Bethany in 2018 is being born today. Where? in the great world of Bethany's contingency, is the question. During the great events of 1876, when a century of great deeds was being commemorated, a great event was quietly transpiring—'98 was being born. Representative states of the whole nation kept watch at the cradle, and even Japan sent fans to keep the baby cool.

Now, you can't tell much about a class in its first year; you must wait till the barnacles drop off. As the College has no preparatory school, many who come cannot carry the work of the College proper, and so drop back from class to class, like pebbles from a sieve that sifts fine sand. So the Sophomores are the first chapter of the story.

I am impressed with the greatness of this undertaking; and hesitate to tabulate the remarkable history, including the great reform, of the class of '98. You would not believe half that I would have to tell you, if I told you all. I would n't if I were in your place and the story was some one's else. Without doubt she far surpasses every Class in school, at all times and in everything, excepting the Juniors in the matter of gall. This annual is an evidence.

'98 claims to be always great. From 1876 forever. There is no phase of her greatness that intermits. We mourn but for one thing; that we drew so heavily upon Betheny's student resources, and left so little for '99. Pity them, but don't blame them; blame us. Several bright lights have gone out from among us, but only to shine brilliantly elsewhere. Most of them are filling positions of trust; and candor compels one to say that a few (all that kind we had) are looking for places to be trusted. We honor the former; and again I say, we are an honor to them.

'98 has shown great brain capacity. She has on her roll many names that shall be found in the galaxy of fame. The Class was organized in February, 1895, when Oulas G. White, of Texas, was elected President; Zinori E. Bates, of Pennsylvania, Vice President;

Francis M. Biddle, of Ohio, Treasurer; Alfred E. Place, of Ohio, Director of Sports; and Bertha Johnson, of Texas, Secretary. As soon as we had organized the enemy began to "encamp upon our trail." You see we were setting the pace. Now I won't boast, in fact I can't, but for truth's sake I must say, that '96 was a "sigh for" in the great contest of 1895. They got nothing, and did n't get that. '98 pulled their tree; took it across the corridor; tore down their bills; licked them before daylight, and after daylight, on the corridor in the paint and on the ground in the mud.

But we had said that we would n't "scrap," and we did n't. It was this way: We passed a resolution that we would do nothing to bring on a "scrap." Proclaimed it abroad that we would n't "scrap." Then when pressure was brought to bear upon us by the other classes, we gave way partly, and interpreted the resolution not to "scrap," to infer that we would not give occasion if the right was ours, which was the case, and that '96 must not tramp on our toes. We stuck to the one and we fought for the other.

Further than this, on the history of this remarkable Class, I restrain myself; and so permit many facts for Fame's own time of spying out. And now, jolly members of '98, all together let us give the pæan of victory:

'98! '98! Who are we?
Bumble, Bumble, Bumble Bee!
"You 're the stuff!" said Bumble Bee,
"You 're the stuff of Bethany!!"

Freshman Poem, '99.

COME gather all ye Bethany bards, let harps and hearts combine
To celebrate the triumphs of the Class of '99,
For floating o'er the Freshman Class the Red and White 's unfurled
To join with freedom, thought and truth, to rouse and rule the world.

From Maine to California, South Cape to Kalamazoo;
Missouri's plains to Eastern hills and fertile Ohio.
From far and near we've gathered in with purpose true and strong
To win from fame a lasting name, and battle with the wrong.

What great attractions urged this Class to thus assemble here?
What proud ambitions filled these hearts with mingled hope and fear?
Go ask the youth whose burning aim prompts him to do or die
In pressing forward to the mark before his steadfast eye.

We buckled on our armor—not with vain and bootless boast,
But as those who calmly realize the danger and the cost.
Not quantity but quality our words and works will show;
Per aspera ad astra pro bono publico.

The Juniors came upon us, as their ancient custom is,
But hazing isn't in their line—they 'd better go on "biz."
They worked all night to float their flag, but ere next noon had come
'T was draped and drooped 'neath the Red and White to give the latter room.

The last class of the century—our Alma Mater's pride;
Bearing away from out her walls, into the world so wide,
The century-garnered learning for this favorite child of Time—
The wisdom of a hundred years bequeathed to '99.

Remember our prerogatives, dear classmates, nor forget
The charge committed to our hands. Let never one regret
Be brought upon our Mother by an action our own,
Till God gives His diplomas before the Great White Throne.

Class Officers, '99.

PRESIDENT—Geo. L. Mong.
VICE PRESIDENT—Bowman Hostettler.
SECRETARY—Miss Maude McFarland.
TREASURER—Miss Ida Taylor.

Class Yell.

We X L! We X L!
'99! '99!
That 's our yell!

COLORS—*Red and White.*
MOTTO—*Aude Sapere.*

Class Roll.

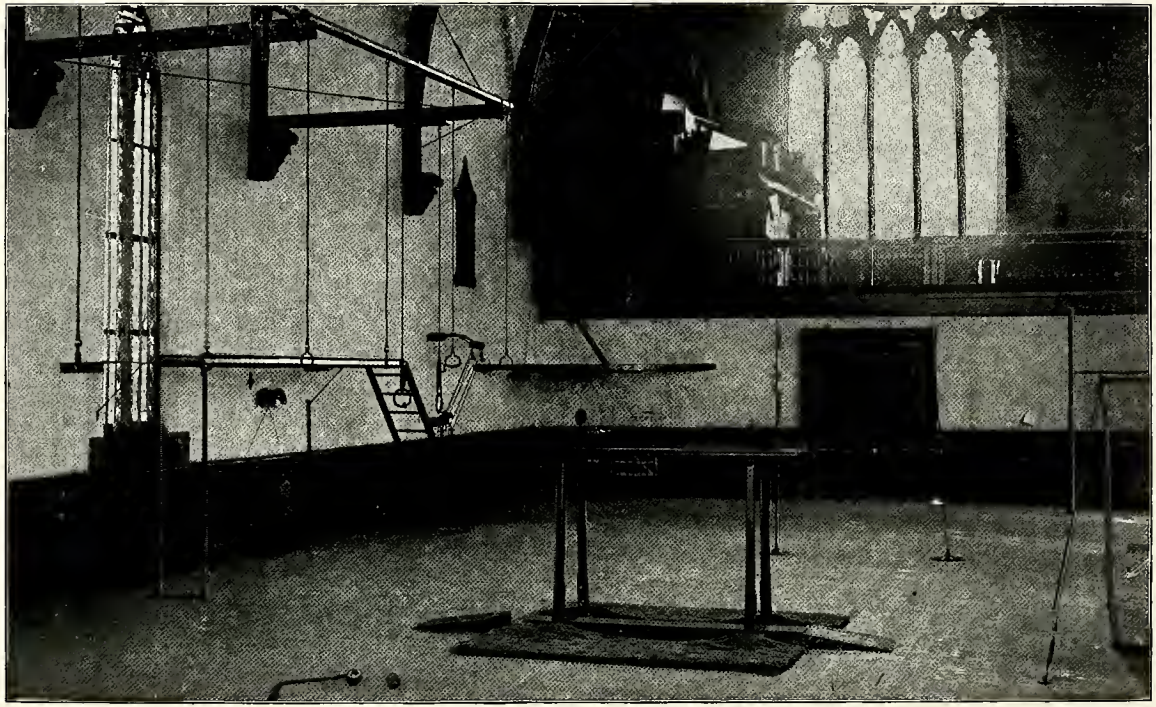
T. J. WHITE.
W. L. FISHER.
BOWMAN HOSTETTLER.
H. T. McGREGOR.
T. B. M. SUMMERVILLE.
CLARA HUNTER.
LILLIAN A. ROBERTS.
NELL KOOSER.
MAUDE McFARLAND.
GRACE COOPER.
IDA TAYLOR.
R. P. COLYER.
EUGENE KUHN.
WM. MONDY.
E. H. CURTIS.
GEO. L. MONG.
D. E. STUART.
F. A. HODGE.
W. P. S. MURRAY.
W. M. LONG.

Class History, '99.

BORN Thursday, October 31st, at 2:00 p. m. Are we proud of the kid? Well, I should guess yes! To be more emphatic, "She is a pride!" Every one who remembers the doings (or rather the non-doings) of the Freshman Class will wonder within their own minds, "Has she a history?" Great Scott! If that Class did n't make more history in less time than any Class that ever entered Bethany College, then we will throw up our "yob," as Yon Yonson says. History? Why she has history to sell, burn, or give away.

The Freshmen struggled to cover themselves with glory. Their hearts palpitated in the earnest desire to do something that would earn for themselves an undying reputation. They did it. How did they start? Listen, and the tale is yours. About the first week in October two leading(?) members of this immortal Class found themselves in such a precarious state of health that they expected to be called home before intermediate. Owing to this fact, the Class was prevailed upon to organize on October 31st. Smash! went an old established precedent of the College. It is a well-known fact that the Freshmen do not organize before February 1st. Rt. Hon. Archibald Mercer said it was a great move; but it seems that great minds *will* differ.

Again. As a Class, they decided *not* to "scrap." Shades of the departed Mertz, Wallace and Morris! did you ever hear of anything to equal that? Life was simply a burden to a few of the Class; but a man can get accustomed to almost anything, even to having his "mug" posted on the corridor walls with "1907" written beneath. Let it be said, though, that



THE GYMNASIUM.

the members of the Class who voted not to "scrap" [and they were largely in the majority] did not participate in the affair that occurred on the morning of February 24th. One misguided youth thought the Class should pay for the bills he was very instrumental in having printed; but they said, "Nay! Nay! Pauline!"

The smoke of the battle cleared away and peace again reigned. The Juniors and Freshmen shook hands and together removed the Junior flag from the tower and floated in its stead the College colors, Green and White.

You might Fish-er Hunt-er 'round a Long time before finding such a Crisp crowd as '99 happens to be. [A] Mong all people C(o)urtes(y) is expected, but some take French leave and others go in boats. If they upset they will Colyer anything just to Mak(e) Far-land. Summer-ville come again and Roberts all right. Koos(y)er able to tell a Tayl-or two, don't blow up. Mond(a)y will St(u)art off bravely, but before Tuesday he is White in the face and must Murrayander back again. They treed a Kuhn this term, started a barrel factory, and engaged a Cooper and a Cle(a)rk.

The Banks of the Old Buffalo.

.....

MY father sent me to old Beth'ny,
And resolved that I should be a man;
And so I settled down
In that quiet little town,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

As Fresh they used me rather roughly,
But I the fearful gauntlet ran;
Oh, they shook me so about
That they turned me inside out,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

We passed through all these trials nobly,
And then as Sophs our term began;
Oh, we hazed the poor Fresh so
That he longed for heav'n, I know,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

And then I made my social entree,
And joined in many a social band;
And by my cunning art
I stole a maiden's heart,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

At last we joined the Senior circle,
And spread our fame o'er all the land;
We crowned our goblets high
With our hopes of "bye-and-bye,"
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

Then sing aloud for Alma Mater,
The Green and White be in the van.
With her banner raised on high
Beth'ny's name shall never die,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.—Cho.

Chorus:

On the banks of the old Buffalo, my boys,
Where old Beth'ny evermore shall stand;
For has she not stood
Since the time of the flood,
On the banks of the old Buffalo.

And the Band Played "Annie Laurie."

A LOVER fell upon his knees,
And tried his darling's hand to squeeze.
"I 'd die," quoth he, "your soul to please—"
And the band played "Annie Laurie."

"Professor," he said, "I humbly pray
You 'll excuse my absence of yesterday.
By illness severe I was kept away—"
And the band played "Annie Laurie."

He boasted loudly, "Now at last
I am free from the habit that bound me fast.
Cigarettes, with me, are a thing of the past—"
And the band played "Annie Laurie."

If we sang any more, it would be a crime
Against good nature; so now's the time
To stop, ere the "chestnut bell" doth chime,
And the band plays "Annie Laurie."

The Freshman Class.

AMONG the curiosities, as well as the monstrosities, that one meets during his College life in Bethany, none can be compared to the organization which yearly forms itself into some kind of pandemonium style, known as the Freshman Class. And from the mustard seeds in their eyes, hay seeds in their hair, and jimson weeds sprouting out of their ears, they in no way belie their very appropriate name. In resemblance to garden truck the present Class is no exception; and '99 will go down in history as the greatest curiosity that ever beat a dime museum out of its just dues, by failing to grace its boards.

The birth of this class was rather premature. It came into existence October 31st, some five months before any of the other Classes thought of organizing. Their election was held in the room of one of their distinguished members, Mr. F. A. Hodge. It was secret and done under cover of darkness, and the rest of the College was wholly ignorant of the fact that such an important event was going on in their midst, until the martial music of fife and drum broke upon the air, and with banners flying gaily and pandemonium ruling supreme, the distinguished body started on parade, to proclaim to the College the names of members they had exalted by elevating to office. This did not last long, for the students, who were diligently studying in their rooms, could not tolerate the making of night hideous in such a manner.

The procession had gone but a short distance—the drum corps was rendering with magnificent effect, "See, the Conquering Heroes Come"—the heroes were close up—a sudden attack—banners, drums, fifes lost—and amid great confusion the Freshmen were routed and each returned to his abode, a sadder but wiser man.

The sagacity of the Freshmen was well shown in the selection of Geo. L. Mong as their President. Under his magnificent leadership, the Freshmen will never know defeat, for he rules them with an iron hand, and according to his wishes they have done away with the custom of the Junior tree and all things that might beget a little College spirit. It is hardly necessary to say that for like causes they will also never know victory, since they fear even to attempt.

It is said, the evening before the President rendered his celebrated decision, which sealed

the fate of the Junior tree, all the gods seemed to predict some wonderful event. The moon was blood red—Mars appeared in bloomers—Jupiter lost his collar button—a student died from gout—and there were other signs too numerous to mention. And on the following day when this great President arose from his seat to deliver the decree, such a flood of wisdom beamed from his countenance and fell upon the floor of the mathematics room, where the meeting was held, that everyone who even now happens to get within that beam knows no such word as "flunk." You can imagine the great rush for seats in that sacred territory. It would be a waste of time to deal with each Freshman individually, for like infinitesimals, it takes a great number even to make a mite.

There has been a wonderful improvement in the Freshman Class up to date, but that is not saying there is not plenty of room for more. This advancement is heralded with delight by the College, for at first it appeared a hopeless case; but much can now be hoped for, and the day is not far distant when the College will not be ashamed to recognize them as fellow-students.

The origin of the Freshman, like all beginnings, is wrapped in mystery. A Senior springs from a Junior, a Junior from a Sophomore, a Sophomore from a Freshman; but alas! when you ask, "Whence came a Freshman?" you get no answer, unless someone says "Nothing."

But when you have said the worst about the Freshmen, they still hold the most enviable place in our College. They are in the springtime of life when the poor Seniors pass over the hill to be forgotten. And as we look back on our College life, there is a halo of glory clustering about the Freshman year that casts a shadow on all the others. It is the time of our troubles and disappointments, our gladnesses and joys; and its memory is sweeter than that of all others combined. We may leave Bethany College and forget the Sophomore and Junior years—forget everything connected with them—but the memory of the experiences and trials of our Freshman year will grow sweeter with age, and in after years we shall look back upon it as the bright oasis of our College life.

BETHANY COLLEGE.

Alma Mater.

AIR.—"*Old Oaken Bucket.*"

ALL hail to thee, hail to thee, bright Alma Mater!
Our hearts' true affections twine closely to thee;
How dear to our hearts are the scenes of old Beth'ny:
God speed Alma Mater and old Bethany.

CHORUS:

We 'll honor and crown thee, O bright Alma Mater,
For thou art the regent of our destiny;
We bring thee the gems and the treasures of mem'ry:
God speed Alma Mater and old Bethany.

High up on the scroll of honor and fame,
Thy sons, strong and manly, have written thy name;
But now we must leave thee, with hearts overflowing:
Farewell Alma Mater and old Bethany.

CHORUS:

We 'll honor and crown thee, O bright Alma Mater,
For thou art the regent of our destiny;
We bring thee the gems and the treasures of mem'ry:
God speed Alma Mater and old Bethany.

Bethany and College Life.

HAVING been invited by a friend to write 'a poem or an article' for the Annual, and not being of a poetical turn, I shall have to inflict an 'article' upon the suffering public. Upon referring to the letter, I see that I am asked to write 'something amusing, a description of some interesting place near Bethany, or Bethany and College life;' and, as the 'something amusing' is quite beyond me and I am not very well acquainted with any 'interesting places near Bethany,' there is but one subject left to me: 'Bethany and College life.'

The year which I spent in Bethany was one of the most pleasant of my life. The wild yet tranquil beauty of her surrounding scenery; the powerful massiveness of her wooded hills, rising on every hand like grim protectors of the quaint little village, nestling in the valley; the sleepy old Buffalo that goes winding and murmuring past; the little old red brick kirk standing at the foot of the village street, like a beckoning herald; the College building, that noble edifice reared midway up an adjacent hill; together form a picture never to be forgotten—to me 'the most beautiful picture that hangs on memory's wall.'

Bethany's shaded, flower-carpeted walks; the Swing-Bridge, that ingenious invention spanning the Buffalo; the Cave hidden away in the wood; the Lone Grave, that romantic spot about which so many conflicting stories are told; all prove a source of unalloyed delight to the Freshmen, and, I believe, do not lack interest during the whole course.

Then Alexander Campbell's old homestead, white-gabled and comely, with its small-paned windows and green shutters; a broad veranda at the front; an old-fashioned well with a 'moss-covered bucket' at the right on the lawn; and at the left his own little stone library, where he solved enigmatical problems unnumbered; shade trees and shrubs skirting its extremities; is, when flooded with sunlight, a scene that for perfect placidity and restfulness could hardly be surpassed. Imagine yourself standing just outside the paling gazing in, while old Solus sheds his mellowest light on all around; the zephyrs gently stirring the leaves of the overhanging branches, create a soothing rustle, and waft to your nostrils sweet odors from the flowering shrubs; the gay-plummaged birds carol sweetly in the trees; gradually a sort of dreamy stupor

steals over you, the rustle of the leaves becomes more and more indistinct, the chirping of the birds yet more subdued; you have a sense of perfect contentment. So calm, so peaceful it looks, as though no disturbing element ever had or ever could enter there. Your thoughts dwell, as dwell they must with such environments, on Alexander Campbell; on his noble life; on the reward he must undoubtedly receive. Holier feelings are awakened in your heart than perhaps you ever before imagined that you harbored; you *almost* lost sight of the busy world, yet not quite—you still touch her hand; you *almost* wish that you might always contemplate a scene so peaceful, and never again join in the mad rush for fame and fortune. 'But all at once a fresher wind sweeps by and breaks the dream;' you are back in the world in a flash, eager to be hastening on with the throng of gay pleasure seekers, and a memory is all that remains of a very delicious moment of your life.

But let us wander back to Bethany. After the classes were all over and studying done for the day; after the sun in a glorious halo had sunk behind the western hills, and the crescent moon was slowly rising in the star-studded heavens; how delightful it was for the students to congregate in Chapel Hall and sit enthralled, while Professor Feuchtinger unravelled for us the musical gems of Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven and others; or some renowned lecturer held us spell-bound, as he cleverly threaded his way through a labyrinth of thought. And again, what a pleasure it was to meet with one or other of the societies, and listen to Bethany's own sons, the renowned lecturers of the future, ably discussing the questions of the day.

The planting of the Junior tree was a task of terrible moment, and accompanied by much sly planning and suppressed excitement. And although I regret very much to be obliged to confess that the Juniors did, by crooked means, continue to retain the roots of their sapling in the bosom of old mother earth, I record with pride that the 'scrap'—that hand to hand conflict between Junior and Freshman, which invariably follows the planting of the tree—resulted in a glorious and nobly won victory for the Freshmen; a victory of which they may even now, as Juniors, be proud.

But, as some person has wisely remarked, "Everything must have a beginning and an end." My sojourn in Bethany began on a dull, murky morning toward the close of September. It ended rather unexpectedly, on a bright, clear morning in the month of showers. Aurora was just breaking on the eastern hills, and peeping over, tinting the tree-tops with its richest

hues, as we rattled out of Bethany on the old stone pike, which is ever changing in its course—now crossing the Buffalo, again clinging close to the base of a mighty hill, now winding gracefully upward to traverse a narrow ledge, midway between base and summit;

A frowning brow of rock o'erhead,
A yawning precipice beneath.

Now turning sharply to dash through a tunnel, and again losing itself in the valley. Beauty—beauty on every side. As we wound down the hill just at the entrance of Bethany, which effectually obstructs all view of the little village; the College building, too, was lost to sight, but upon gaining the summit of the opposite hill we caught a full view of the rear of the building—the old corridor; then, as we bowled along, trees and rocks intervene and Bethany becomes a pleasant reminiscence.

Dear Alma Mater.

DEAR Mother, thy children are scattered so far,
In all of earth's corners their dwellings now are,
While some, once the pride of thy youth and thy love,
Have entered the beautiful heaven above.
But we who remain in the east or the west,
By thee in our youth were nourished and blest,
And can we forget thee? Oh ne'er be it said
By Bethany's children, "Our mother is dead."
Think how she taught—patient, gentle and meek,
Lessons of French, German, Latin and Greek,
Sweet music and art and loved literature,
Quaint Hebrew, and mathematics so sure;
Or, tiring of these, glad Science Hall
Opened a world that Aladdins would pall,
While beauties here found, and the facts that seemed new,
The Bible Department proved to be true,
And Friday's long nights when the old bell's call
Bade us 'orate' in Society Hall.
The quiet old chapel those still Sunday nights
When the setting sun, through west window lights,
Over songs and prayers and words seemed to fall
Like heaven's blessing of peace over all.
Dear Bethany, the children of thy latter days
Love thee, and offer this tribute of praise.
We love thee for all thou hast done in the past.
Thy labor of love forever shall last—
As long as the hills whereon thou dost stand,
As long as the sun shall illumine the land,
As long as the soft rippling creek smiles between
Thy wood-crown'ed hills, so fragrant and green,
As long as the woods all the seasons shall tell
By swift-changing hues on hill and in dell;
As long as the May of each bright, sunny spring
Its troops of bright flowers abundant shall bring;
As long as the bricks are still red in thy walls—
Aye, longer, for oftentimes earthly dust falls,
But love, though all else fail, e'er shall endure,
Thy work is love, of God, truth and nature.

Beta Theta Pi.

.....

Frater in Facultate.

Samuel M. Jefferson, Indiana University.

Frater in Urbe.

Raymond G. Scott, '92.

'96.

Errett W. McDiarmid [Post Graduate.] Charles A. Groom.
Ernest E. Crawford.

'97.

Halford A. Watson. Charles M. Watson.
O. Thomas Whitacre. Clifford J. Baldridge.
Edwin N. Clopper. Norman L. McDiarmid.

'98.

Al. W. Place. Meredith E. Stickley.
Oscar Wells. C. M. Preston.

E. N. CLOPPER. C. A. GROOM. N. L. MCDIARMID. M. E. STICKLEY. C. M. WATSON.
C. J. BALDRIDGE. E. E. CRAWFORD. C. M. PRESTON. H. A. WATSON.
A. W. PLACE. OSCAR WELLS. E. W. MCDIARMID. O. T. WHITACRE.

Beta Theta Pi.

COLORS—*Pink and Blue.*
FLOWER—*Rose.*

THE Fraternity of Beta Theta Pi was founded at Miami University in 1839 by John Reilly Knox with two of his friends. Since that time it has enjoyed an unbroken period of prosperity. There are at present sixty-two colleges that have Chapters in the Fraternity, and the active membership is about one thousand, while the Alumni swell this number to ten thousand. The corporate power of the Fraternity is vested in a Board of Trustees, who meet at intervals, in Columbus, Ohio. The executive administration is committed into the hands of a Committee of three, while a general convention is held annually, at which delegates from all the Chapters are present, to transact business more directly relating to and concerning the Fraternity at large. The next convention will be held at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, in July. W. C. Ransom is President of the General Fraternity.

Psi Chapter was organized in 1860, and has had a membership of nearly two hundred, among whom may be found some of the most prominent graduates of Bethany College.

Department of Music.

IN sketching the Department of Music as connected with Bethany College, there is no room for ancient history, for the Department is almost as modern as are its methods. Hitherto the College won its laurels in the Classical and Literary fields, with the Bible in the foreground and Science as a servant. The pioneers were men of action, and needed facts and logic more than song. Their cause was to rest, not first on emotion, but in the truth of the Bible, and there was more immediate need of Pauls than of Davids. They sought to be men among thinkers, and worthy teachers in an age of growing intelligence, both religious and civic.

But if the graces of housekeeping come after the founding of a home, they nevertheless do come where there is normal development. And so music has come to Bethany. In tabular form, the matter stands thus:

INSTRUCTORS.	SESSIONS.	INSTRUCTORS.	SESSIONS.
Miss A. C. Pendleton,	'80-'83	Miss Flora Price,	'87-'89
Miss Lizzie J. Pendleton,	'83-'84	Prof. F. P. French,	'89-'90
Miss A. C. Pendleton,	'84-'85	Prof. E. R. Snyder,	'90-'92
Mrs. Helene Epstein,	'85-'87	Prof. Eugene Feuchtinger,	'92-'96

It was not the intention of Miss A. C. Pendleton to establish a regular Department of Music, when at the solicitation of her father, Professor W. K. Pendleton, who was then President of the College, she undertook to meet the wishes of the students, and her instructions, both vocal and instrumental, were of a private nature. Under her management her pupils frequently gave private theatricals and recitals, which helped to increase the demand for a permanent Music Department. On being called to the chair of Modern Languages in the fall of 1883, she was succeeded by Miss Lizzie J. Pendleton, but the following year taught music again; and was followed by Miss Epstein, Miss Price, and Professors French and Snyder.

In the autumn of 1892 Professor Feuchtinger came to Bethany. He is of a family of prominent German musicians and a graduate of leading European musical institutions. He at

once organized a regular Music Department, laying out a four years' course in both vocal and piano forte instruction, including harmony and theory, and obligated himself to remain at his post until 1900. The hand of a master was felt at once, and Bethany is wondering how she ever managed to get along without a Department of Music.

This Department now ranks with all the others of the College, entitling its graduates to equal honor with those of the Classical, Literary, Scientific and Ministerial courses. Public recitals are given at intervals during the year, and are always an event of note.

In the fall of 1894 Professor Feuchtinger organized the Society of Artists of Bethany College, comprising the students of the Music and Art departments. By this time the Department had taken on such solid proportions that the spring of 1895 justified the publication of a separate catalogue, and was further increased, during the same spring, by the organization of The Pierians, consisting of Miss Chapman, Soprano, Mr. Picton, Tenor, Miss Belle McDiarmid, Reader, and Professor Feuchtinger, Pianist, who spent six weeks of the following vacation in various states and Canada, that the public might see, hear and judge for themselves as to the merits of the work being done at Bethany.

The fall of 1895 saw another advance in this growing work by the addition of instruction on stringed instruments, to which Miss Clara Shepard, of Sedalia, Missouri, was called, whose promising class justifies her selection.

Music.

MUSIC, to revert from history to science, is a succession of noises. A congressman is not a natural born musician, neither is an organ-grinder or a cat. Music is written upon a staff; twining up and down upon it and receiving visible means of support. There are other kinds of staffs besides the musical staff. One is the staff with which the farmer persuades the small boys to leave the orchard. Generals have staffs that are proverbially adverse to facing the music, but when they must face the music it is usually with a *largo staccato* movement. The police force of the beautiful and populous city of Brilliant carry staffs, with which they produce concussion of the brain in citizens who endeavor to walk on both sides of the sidewalk at the same time. They pounce upon them in an *allegro con spirito* movement, beat six-eight, three-four and common time upon their pates. They prefer, however, to beat common time as they can attend to it between drinks. The practice is getting to be uncommonly common, and I think those officers would beat anything I ever saw.

Some weeks ago a worthy son of Erin's Isle was going home, quite late at night. On the street corner he saw a policeman who was gracefully and proudly swinging his baton. Pat said, "Top av the avenin', surr. Wud ye's be afther tellin' me phat toime it is, is it?" The officer, who is so accustomed to beating time, unconsciously tapped the Irishman on the head and said, "Just struck one." "Well," said Pat, "It 's mesilf that 's glad Oi did n't ax ye's an hour sooner."

Each sound in music is represented by a note, which runs from fifteen days—no, from one beat in a measure, to another beat in a measure, or until it brings up against a bar, where it is impossible to get trust, and the barkeeper refuses to discount it. By a good player, the notes are treated as sight-drafts, because he disposes of them at sight. He frequently gets in a hurry and scatters them all over the piano until he comes to a bar, which, by the way, is not a sand bar or a crowbar, but a bar in a musical composition that debars him from abusing the instrument any further, then he starts out with a *largo pianissimo* movement as if he were sorry for what he did.

A full hand of notes is called a scale. Musical scales are not anything like weigh scales, fish scales or the scales that fell from the eyes of Saul of Tarsus. As I said before, a full hand of notes is called a scale, and those notes to the right of middle C belong to the right bower, while those to the left of middle C belong to the left bower; because they are played with the right and left hands.

Every scale has its key, and sometimes when a fellow comes home late without a key he is obliged to scale the shed roof. If you want to learn all about scales, rent rooms near a young lady who is learning to play the piano or to be a $10,000 prima donna with a one dollar voice. If you can't find her, a young man beginning to play the cornet will do as well. After a month of such training you can recognize a scale at fifty yards and in fourteen languages, while you look forward to being sent up as a lunatic with positive hilarity.

The key in which a piece is written is determined by the pitch. Amateur singers are disposed to pitch all around the key. Students who write "biz" notes to the young ladies at Phillips Hall sometimes get the pitch, but gentlemen who sit on freshly tarred boats to admire beach scenery generally get the pitch with more certainty, but they are apt to get it too low.

The swell produced by a *crescendo* and *diminuendo* is often very affecting. Strong men are sometimes affected to tears by a swell in going to Rockaway on a steamer. Some students are affected by a swell in the upper story of their anatomy, but in a few years after leaving College they find that they can wear little Johnny's hat very comfortably. Ladies are often moved to laughter by meeting swells on the streets, with pancake hats and elbows held ajar, as if they had bunions under their arms.

Of the ancient musical instruments but few remain. The old Greek pipe is now a Turkish pipe; the viol is now a bass viol, known as a pocket pistol; the horn is much affected by some men, until this day, but the old cow article which Joshua used in place of dynamite, to melt the walls of Jericho, is a thing of the past.

When A Hundred Years Have Rolled.

.....

O WHERE will all our Seniors be,
When a hundred years have rolled?
Will they go into "biz" so free,
When a hundred years have rolled?
Where will our Junior brothers be,
Who now sing gay and merrily?
O where will be the Sophs and Fresh,
When a hundred years have rolled?—Cho.

O who will climb old Beth 'ny's stairs,
When a hundred years have rolled?
Bowed down with Greek and other cares,
When a hundred years have rolled?
O will these halls be just the same,
Through which each one may carve his name
In Honor's walls or those of Fame,
When a hundred years have rolled?—Cho.

O where will be our Prof's so dear,
When a hundred years have rolled?
If they be gone their works are here,
When a hundred years have rolled.
Where will our trembling spirits be,
That now sing gay and merrily?
May they be saved for eternity,
When a hundred years have rolled.—Cho.

Chorus:

When a hundred years have rolled,
When a hundred years have rolled;
O will old Bethany be the same,
When a hundred years have rolled?

. . . Literary Societies . . .

American Literary Institute.

WHEN a student for the first time enters Bethany College, he gazes in rapture and admiration at the grand old building with its massive towers, typical of the broad-minded and massive intellects moulded within; surrounded on all sides by so many beautiful hills, standing like sentinels guarding her liberties and enlightenment; he feels at once the inspiration and breaths afresh ambition's pure air. Being a youth of high aspirations and filled with a desire to ennoble himself in every part of his being—ethical, intellectual and spiritual—he at once begins to cast his eyes about him, and seeks to improve his genius by affiliating with a good literary society.

Instinctively he turns to the far-famed American Literary Institute, and here he finds the noblest and loftiest aspirations that fill the human heart. He casually hears the rumor that there are other literary societies connected with the College. He inquires the veracity of the report, but finds it so unsubstantiated by any real activity that he early discredits the report and launches his bark with the old American Literary Institute and grandly breasts the tides and winds and waves, and lands at length upon the shores of intellectual manhood, developed and mature for the battles and realities of after life.

It was in the session of 1842 that the American Literary Institute was organized. With fourteen charter members she was started under the name of "The Bethany Institute," which name was soon after changed to the present one. Sharing in the losses of the College when destroyed by fire in the year 1858 and again in 1879, she was totally deprived of a large library amounting to over two thousand volumes. But undismayed by losses or misfortune she has pursued an onward course of almost uninterrupted prosperity.

With her present well-equipped and newly-furnished hall, the Institute is, perhaps, in better condition than she has ever known. Within her walls is the embodiment of high intellectual endowment and great possibilities for high literary attainment; while without, in every vocation of life, are her illustrious Alumni; the renown and glory of the past, the pride and inspiration of the present. For four and forty years the American Literary Institute has

A. L. I. HALL.

been an honor to the College and a blessing to the world. With conscious pride we tell of her achievements in the literary field; winning with unanimous vote the first oratorical contest between the societies in 1894. She again added laurels to her fame in 1895 by winning a second victory in the oratorical contest, and as a result of this victory, represented the College in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest of Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

Her bright record is still further illumined by the brilliancy of the career of her illustrious sons. The mother of seven college presidents, she has beside many eminent sons in every devoted calling; congressmen, statesmen, eminent lawyers, judges, doctors, editors, ministers, professors, and men in every profession of responsibility and honor. With the limited space allowed us we can mention only a few: President C. L. Loos, of Kentucky University; H. L. Willett, formerly Vice President of Bethany College, now professor in Chicago University; President E. V. Zollars, of Hiram College; President J. A. Harding, Nashville Bible Institute; W. H. Woolery, formerly President of Bethany College; J. M. Trible, formerly President of Bethany College; President A. McLean, now Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society, and President H. McDiarmid, now acting President of Bethany College.

All these men received much of the fitness and training for their high callings within the eloquent walls of the old American Literary Institute; and the distinction and honor to which they have arisen in the spheres of usefulness beckons us onward and upward in the path of progress.

With well furnished hall and useful equipments the American Literary Institute stands ready to emulate the healthful ambitions of her loyal sons; and with the present high standard of literary excellence she is well fitted to train the mind and heart for grander triumphs.

May her never-fading past of high renown ever be an inspiration to the future; and long after all that is mortal of her loyal sons shall have returned to dreamless dust, may her excellence be perpetuated in the noble deeds they have done and the eloquent lives they have lived.

Brilliant star of glory shines alike through day and night.
Never will we falter, but press onward in the fight;
For our path 's illumined with our motto's golden light,
"*Lux descendit e caelo.*"

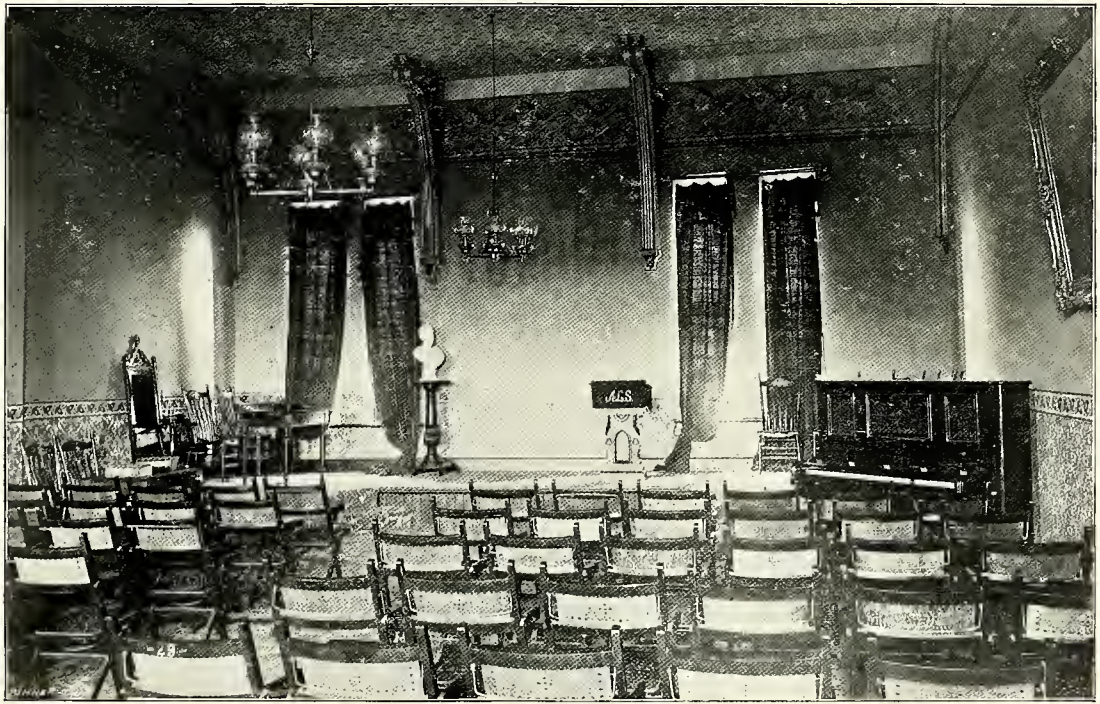
Neotrophian Literary Society.

THE Neotrophian Literary Society, the first, and, of course, the best society organized in Bethany College, began its useful career during the session of 1841-2. Her prosperity has continued, from the beginning, through the ups and downs in College, ever pushing forward and gaining the first rank among literary societies. Doomed to trouble at times, yet, nothing daunted, she has pursued her course in one grand struggle for distinction.

When fire broke out in the year 1857 and destroyed the College building, Neotrophia fell victim with the rest, and lost a valuable library of twelve hundred volumes. This catastrophe came as a hard blow to the Society, but in the end was a real advantage, as it roused the sympathies of its friends to its succor. A new library was thus established which exceeded in every way the old one. But again, when all was running smoothly, she suffered the second time from fire; for on the morning of the 23d of October, 1879, fire destroyed the northern wing of the College building, taking with it the halls, which had been so beautifully fitted up for the societies. Immediately after this the Society repaired to Professor Kemper's mathematics room, where the meetings were regularly held until the dedication of the present hall in the spring of 1880. A special program was prepared for this noteworthy occasion, in which much enthusiasm and interest was manifested.

The hall as it now appears, while probably not so large as some societies have, is one which she can well be proud of. It is supplied with comfortable seats, serviceable tables, stands and desks. The walls are beautifully adorned by large pictures, and a bust stands on its pedestal in a conspicuous place to do honor to the founder and first President of our grand institution, Alexander Campbell.

In the course of the school year the Society gives several public performances, in which the members are given golden opportunities for displaying the literary discipline which they have received in the Society. The first one of these performances takes place shortly after the opening of the school year, during the season of ingathering. The second is the anniversary performance, which comes on November 5th. It is the custom of the Society on this occasion



N. L. S. HALL.

to send for one of its worthy Alumni to address the students. At the last anniversary performance Rev. George Darsie, of Kentucky, made the annual address, which was thoughtful and helpful. In connection with the anniversary exercises the Society held a banquet at Phillips Hall, which was altogether a grand occasion. The third regular open performance is held near Christmas time, and is given chiefly by the new members. The fourth is the joint celebration of the Neotrophian Literary Society and American Literary Institute on February 22d, and the last is the commencement performance during the third week in June.

Beside these, such performances as "Irish Night" and "Negro Night," given in the Society hall have been particularly interesting and novel. Only a Society like Neotrophia could have enough ingenuity and ability to give as interesting, instructive and amusing entertainment as was given on St. Patrick's day, last year. Every one declared it successful, who chanced to be present.

But of all things which she can rightly boast, in the good she has accomplished, not least, by far, is the fact that so many of her Alumni have won places of honor in the spheres they have entered. 'T is with admiration and respect that the members view the victories that have been won by the strong and mighty men who have gone out from Neotrophia's hall to influence the world. Who can lose sight of such men as E. T. Williams, the grand and noble worker in the mission field; Hon. Champ Clark, who made such stirring speeches in the House of Representatives; Russell Errett, the editor of the *Christian Standard*; J. R. Lamar, a well-known and prosperous lawyer of the south; Professor O. Schmiedel, who holds the Chair of Mathematics here in Bethany; Hon. J. J. Barclay, Consul of the United States at Morrocco, Tangiers, Africa; G. W. Muckley, the hustling Secretary of the Church Extension Board; and many, many others all over the land?

The literary work during the past year has been one uninterrupted course of successful meetings. So much interest and enthusiasm has been manifested by all.

Well can one say that she is first to accept new and practical ideas; first to get rid of all drawbacks; and first in all that pertains to the making of a good literary society. Long may she live to give to the world educated, broad-minded and talented men.

Ossolian Literary Society.

COLORS—*Pink and Gray.*
MOTTO—*Age Inod Agis.*

GIRLS, there 's the bell for Ossolian! Are you ready? Come, hurry up, it is past four o'clock now. In a few moments a bevy of girls are seen hastening toward the College. What is the object of all this commotion? Let us follow them and see. With rapid steps they wend their way along the corridor and shortly disappear in one of the many entrances of Bethany College, ascend the stairs, enter a room, and one who seems born to command takes the chair. "Society will please come to order," is spoken in a gentle yet decided voice. "Society," did she say? Yes, 'Society;' for it is the weekly meeting of the Ossolian Literary Society. Could Margaret Fuller Ossolia enter and behold those smiling faces, eager to learn, and receive the welcome plaudit, "She hath done what she could," surely she would be surprised at the talent apparent in her followers.

When a number of the fairest daughters of the land assembled one bright day in 1880, did they realize the enormity of the blessing they were about to bestow on Bethany College. The Ossolian Society has surpassed even their most sanguine hopes and is fast reaching the highest pinnacle of fame. The time will come, and before many more anniversaries will have been celebrated, when Ossolia will be the first in College, and her members will write their names on the banner of learning, not by outward manifestations of their ability, but by slow, careful and painstaking study and practice. You will find them occupying various positions in life; some on the stage, giving the world the benefit of their labor and training; some at the bar, arguing questions of the greatest importance and contesting with great minds; others you will find at the firesides, where surely the influence of Ossolia's daughters is not wanting; and last but not least, some of her daughters are in foreign lands, bearing the "glad tidings of great joy" to those darkened and benighted nations.

Our present members are not less talented. Our sister violinist will go forth to win

the hearts of the world with the beautiful strains of her instrument, lifting them up to her plain and opening their minds to the beautiful truths by the grand harmonious melody of her music.

The pure, pale light of one of our sweetest gems shines brightly in our midst. She sheds her influence over us in a quiet, unassuming manner; and for the existence of this gem we are truly thankful. We find it deep down on the bottom of the ocean, but in the heart of man as well. The dove of peace flits in our midst, conveying to us the tidings of abated storms and encouraging us to longer and more difficult voyages, assuring us that if our compasses are pointed in the right direction we will be successful and obtain the divine blessing of rest. On the hill-sides around Bethany grows a little flower emblematic of innocence; its pure snowy petals cluster around a golden center. But these flowers are not only found on Bethany's hills but within the walls of Ossolia's Halls as well. We boast of another gem, whose brilliancy and splendor is exceeded by no other characteristic of innocence, yet also of power; for it was with these precious stones Faust tempted Margarita in the old legend. The influence of our two gems is of different character. It is manifested by intellect and genius.

Time fails me to tell of the many gifted and intelligent minds in our midst, and although there are numerous others, those desiring acquaintance with them must seek it for themselves. A few words to my sisters, and then I have completed my task. Sister Ossolians, our work in life is illimitable. Let not the present opportunities pass unheeded, but may our lives be as grand and noble as those of our predecessors; elevating those around us to a higher plain of thought and action, that it may be said of each one, "She hath done what she could."

"Fair promise that from Wisdom's lips
Her listening spirit thralls,
Fulfill thyself from year to year
In Ossolia's Hall.
We would, in Heaven's descended light,
Her path of peace pursue,
And still amid her pleasant ways
Seek only what is true."

Adelphian Society.

INASMUCH as our sentiments accord with former Alumni, who believed that in order to a more potent ministry and facility in declaration of religious truth, special literary training comprehending the discussion of only theological subjects would be both a pleasure and necessity, do we assemble in purpose preparation for this most sacred vocation. Sacred first of all for its divine appointment, and finally for its great responsibility in the proclamation of that authoritative message in which all true principles of ethics are grounded. Then we congratulate ourselves in that we glory in the highest sense to train for the wielding of that powerful scepter of truth, than which no greater is committed into the hands of men.

But this organization is not only instrumental in its equipment of young men for the ministry, which indeed is its chief aim, but it also forms that strand which spans the immense chasm of rivalry between the American and Neotrophian literary societies, upon whose coils the most refined of both institutes in morality and christanity—heroes in defense of their convictions —meet in literary contests that always result in their mutual benefit. It is here, too, that we meet the Ossolians for the first time on equal grounds in the literary field. They burnish our thoughts with textures of feminity and inspire our hearts with that smile, so welcome in every minister's presence. Not alone in emulation are many victories won; but even in consideration of most vital dissensions of opinion, the tones of deliberation fall impregnant with that sweet savor ever attending that pious truth from Above.

Here are brought together theologians, metaphysicians, logicians, higher critics, and budding exegetes, who converge into one point their united efforts in the vindication and harmonization of all conceivable discrepancy and contradiction. Our august body of fluent debaters have expounded from time to time some of the most profound subjects in the mystic realm, among which I shall make timely mention of some; viz., "Baptism," "Atonement," "Natural Revelation," "Personality of the Devil," "Circumcision and Uncircumcision," "The Intermediate State," "Endless Punishment."

Freshmen who are at a disadvantage in treating such subjects as "Samson's Riddle,"

"Iron Bedstead," "I Have Take off My Coat," or even the nebular hypothesis, are advised to search for other subjects until they find one suitable for their sermon. But if they should be unsuccessful in such research, as is not unfrequently the result, the best policy would be to relegate it to the waste-basket.

The wonderful result achieved through the work of this Ministerial Association can not be comprehended by the outward world. While they may listen with ardent appreciation to the pealing tones of human sympathy and loving kindness gently pouring from lips of truth, perchance they never think of that rude manikin from which evolved this great stature. The christians of the land are pleased to frequent the presence of men like F. D. Power, "Motor of Washington City;" E. V. Zollars, "Hero of Hiram;" A. McLean, "Missionary Messenger;" or L. C. Woolery, "The Greek Rhetorician;" yet it must not be forgotten that even these in their struggle for diplomacy suffered total transformation, as it were, from acorn to oak, while their homilies and sermonettes grew into prodigious epithets.

Young Men's Christian Association.

YOUTH, manhood, childhood, age, how rapidly they fly! "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgement.—Ecclesiastes xi. 9.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been admirably defined as "a union of young men in Christ for young men out of Christ." This organization of a little over a half century's growth has become the great factor in the religious life of our Colleges of today. Our Association was organized in November, 1891, with J. H. Miller as its first President. Since that time W. D. Cunningham, B. L. Kershner, M. B. Madden and R. J. Bamber have honored that position by their christian character and persistent effort for the amelioration of student life. The President-elect, Mr. W. B. Mansell, is in keeping with our former officers, and no doubt the Association will prosper under his wise supervision. Brother Madden, who during his College course endeavored to inculcate upon the minds of all the necessity for "world-wide missions," is now laboring in Tokio, Japan, for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been the most potent element in discouraging the disgraceful habit of "hazing," formerly so common in nearly all colleges; and on the contrary has extended the hand of christian love and fellowship to all new students, making them feel that they were wanted and appreciated.

For immediate results the greatest work of our Association has been that done by the Evangelization Committee. Through the efforts of this Committee there are maintained several Sunday schools in the surrounding country, and from these beginnings two Churches have been organized, and the prospect for another, in the near future, is good. The Lecture Committee deserves the thanks of all students for the highly entertaining and instructive courses this year. The lecture of John Temple Graves entitled, "The Demagogue," was well worth the price of a whole course.

The meetings on Saturday mornings are a source of spiritual inspiration, and the pleasant

memories that cluster round these cannot be effaced by time. The peculiar isolation of college men furnishes a strong reason for the importance of the work. They have no *permanent* relations, social or religious. The Association comes as a loving, inspiring voice to urge to the true life and conduct. The student is at a critical time in his life, most of it is before him and he is forming the habits which are to go with him through life. The college man who is not won for Christ while in college is rarely won afterward. Moreover the intimate relations of college men with one another render the work of the Association extremely important. These relations form character, and if the character is to be christian the relation must be with christian men. For the accomplishment of such a purpose the "Bethany Association" continually works and prays.

Young Women's Christian Association.

FOR several years Bethany College has had a Young Women's Christian Association. We have not permitted the gentlemen to be far ahead of us in this feature of our work. The first years of the organization were very successful, and much hard labor was performed. Enthusiastic meetings were held every evening, and the girls seemed to delight in singing songs of praise to our Heavenly Parent. Many were the truths impressed on the minds of its members; truths that are today the guides of their lives.

Several of our girls have gone as missionaries to foreign lands, and dear sisters, can we not help support them; at least give them the benefit of our prayers. The influence of the Young Women's Christian Association is felt all over the land, and our influence here in College is not less powerful. Our christian characters are observed by everyone. Do we acknowledge the gift of Christ's love by the lives we are living?

Our meetings this year have not been as full of interest and enthusiasm as they should have been. It is true our number is not as large as heretofore; but there are enough to maintain the organization, and certainly we would realize in our daily lives the benefit and help derived from the meetings. What person does not feel stronger and more able to cope with the difficulties of life after a short season of prayer and communion with our Heavenly Father? And do we not feel much closer bound together with the chords of love? The Golden Rule fits very nicely in our Association work; "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." The influence gained by the observation of this rule is great, and well worth our every effort. Friends are made by it; the love of our brothers and sisters is gained by it; and better than all else, it is what Christ would have us do. Into our hands has God given the shapening of our destinies; but not without giving His Son as a model for us to shape our lives after. Let us follow in His footsteps.

J. D. HULL. V. G. HOSTETTER. E. E. CRAWFORD. R. J. BAMBER.
C. F. MORTIMER. ZONA L. SCOTT. R. H. MERRYMAN. GERTRUDE FREW.

COLLEGIAN STAFF.

Bethany Collegian.

Published Monthly by the Neotrophian and American Literary Societies.

These Societies do not assume any *financial responsibility*, as all money is received and paid out by the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	R. H. MERRYMAN,	'96
ASSISTANT	R. J. BAMBER,	'96
LITERARY	O. G. WHITE,	'98
	T. G. PICTON.	'96
	GERTRUDE FREW,	'96
LOCAL	J. D. HULL,	'96
	C. F. MORTIMER,	'96
	ZONA L. SCOTT,	'97
EXCHANGE EDITOR	V. G. HOSTETTER,	'97
BUSINESS MANAGER	E. E. CRAWFORD,	'97
ASSISTANT	OSCAR WELLS,	'97

Editorial.

The article printed on another page: "The Endowment of Bethany College in this Century," is inserted with great pleasure, and the COLLEGIAN is willing to lend its aid in every way possi The keynote is found in the very "The only way to endow Beth is to endow it." Some ma this is easier said

Hiram $190,000, all of which have other large beneficiary amounts, besides, many of our other colleges and schools wi suitable endowments. When we see these things, it is passing strange th the mother of these young giants is in a sound financial condition. If any was without a history; if Beth was without an alumni; if Betha without a reputation, belongi church in which there had be vancement; if Bethany wa of these things, we might with a long face and lo ment with terrible aw consider the history alumni, larger than an her reputation, h wanting. An with a ha and main ly a

Glee Club History.

THE class-room work of Bethany has ever been of a high order. The memories of masters who have moulded character within her halls, inspire every student capable of taking it on. The literary society work, as it has been and is still carried on, calls for loud praise, and every graduate will be moved "in some cases, even in spite of himself," as he contemplates, with the class-room and society work, the beauty of the situation; yet the most thrilling of all is the memory of Bethany songs, which have from the earliest days of the College, been a prominent feature in her life.

We are proud of the "Bethany Songs," a collection by the literary societies, together with many other songs familiar to students and friends of our College, compiled and arranged by Mr. A. O. Garrison, and dedicated to the first Bethany College Glee Club, of '90-'91. The members were Messrs. Craig, Creighton, Reynolds, Prichard, Dodd, Davidson, Jenkins, Wilfley, Cutler, Joyce, Wright and Billingsley. All will understand that this first club was a success when informed that Mr. Garrison was Director.

In the session of '92-'93, those members of the old club who were yet in school gathered a few new men about them. Mr. Wilfley was made President and Mr. W. D. Cunningham Director. In the spring of 1893 the club made several short trips before commencement, and a more extended one that summer. This club consisted of twelve men: Messrs. Craig, Creighton, Prichard, Wilfley, Billingsley, Cunningham, VanHorn, Picton, Wilson, Darsie, Gunlack and Willett.

Very recently the third Bethany Glee Club was organized with Messrs. Picton, Kuhn, McGregor and Clark, 1st tenor; C. M. Watson, Clopper, Bates and L. G. Willett, 2d tenor; J. J. White, H. A. Watson, Fisher and Johnson, 1st base; Whitacre, McDiarmid, A. F. Willett and Thomas, 2d base.

J. J. WHITE. H. A. WATSON. H. P. CLARK. E. W. MCDIARMID. P. JOHNSON.
E. N. CLOPPER. Z. E. BATES. H. T. MCGREGOR. A. F. WILLETT.
C. M. WATSON. W. L. FISHER. O. T. WHITACRE. L. G. WILLETT. T. D. THOMAS.

BETHANY GLEE CLUB.

. . . Miscellaneous . . .

A Freshman's Letter Home.

Bethany, W. Va., Oct. 7, '95.

MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMA:—I am well and hope you are the same. I am very happy, because I have received so many compliments since I arrived here. There have been just nineteen boys up to my room today, and every one of them told me directly or indirectly that I would be an eloquent and powerful orator in a very short time, and were all anxious that I should join their literary society, as they desired to have such a bright light in their midst. Mr. Merryman even intimated that if I would become a member of the N. L. S., he would use his influence in obtaining for me the exalted position of Secretary for the Society. After two nights of sleeplessness decided to bestow my talents on the A. L. I., as Alvie Ice, my cousin, belongs to that society and we can work together to an advantage, as he is one of their big men.

J. F. Williams told Charlie (he's my room-mate) that I was an unsophisticated Freshman. Now, you understand they call the second year boys "Sophs," and so I suppose he meant that I was bright enough to be a Sophomore. I board at the "Heights;" all the good boys live there. We had a "scrap" in Crawford's room the other night, when we thought the President was gone, and broke his bed all into splinters. But alas, the President walked in while the wrestling was going on, and he gave us an awful severe lecture about breaking the furniture and wearing out the carpet. He even said that, "we made more noise than 500 jockeys at a hotel down in Kentucky," where he once stopped. I made a contract with the boys who room in the third story to carry up coal from the cellar to their rooms for a cent a day. Harris told me that Canby, one of the '96 boys, had the job when he was a Freshman, and said it was excellent exercise.

Oh! papa! you should have seen my room Saturday night. I had been out for two hours holding a sack to catch snipe in, and returned home tired and sleepy after a vain effort in this monotonous hunt. Well, I walked in my room and I could n't believe my eyes, and had to say "Jack Robinson" six times in succession to keep from swearing, I was so mad. The fire was out, my lamp was filled with water, the bed was all taken apart, and bed clothes, slats,

mattress, springs and all were piled up in the center of the room. Then on top of this heap was scattered coal, books, tongs, chairs, umbrellas, pictures, table, washstand, trunk, with its contents strewn about the room, papers, shoes, and bureau drawers, and on top of the whole was my best suit of clothes stuffed as a dummy and holding in his hand a sign "'97 ON TOP."

I study Greek, Latin, Plain Geometry and Physiology. I spend six hours a day on Greek, two hours on Latin, one hour on Mathematics and ten minutes on Physiology. My Latin and Greek are very practical studies. By means of my knowledge of these languages I have been able to learn the etymology of the College slang. "Biz" is derived from the Latin *bis*, meaning twice, and as twice means two, it signifies two students together—only when a boy goes with a boy, or a girl with a girl, that don't mean "biz." "*Pitch*" is derived from a Greek word, meaning black, and denotes that a fellow has black forebodings of unhappiness, because the Phillips Hall girls won't go on "biz" with him. (Prof. Shell explained this word to me.) "Case" is derived from the Latin *capsa*, meaning a chest, box or case, and implies a place where they put "bizzites" when they get stale.

All the Seniors carry canes. I don't know why, but I think it 's so one can tell them from the Freshmen boys. We '99 boys are all thinking of getting knee pants, instead of hats like former classes, because they are more becoming to us. George Mong first thought of this change. The Juniors are all wicked boys and bluffers. The Sophomores are all splendid singers. They walk the corridor and sing about "Solomon," and "Zion," and "Little Moses," and "Jerusalem."

Nearly all the ministerial Freshmen take charge of a mission for the Y. M. C. A. during their first year in College, and so I have taken one. Last Sunday there were three present beside Freddie Hodge, who leads the singing, and I. But I must close in haste, and go to studying.

Your own College boy,

HENRY.

Phillips Hall.

PHILLIPS HALL, the gift of Hon. T. J. Phillips, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, was built in 1891. It is a three-story brick building, standing a short distance to the left of Commencement Hall. On the first floor are the front and back parlors, large dining room, kitchen and pantries. Also on this floor are the apartments of the housekeeper and janitor. On the second and third floors there are thirty rooms. The Hall is heated throughout by steam, and each floor is furnished with hot and cold water.

Phillips Hall was originally intended to be used for a boys' boarding hall, but in the fall of 1892 it was given over for a girls' dormitory; they having become too crowded in their former home at the "Heights." Each room is supplied with a bedroom set and study table of oak, and a pretty carpet. At present there are twenty-three girls in the Hall, and twelve rooms are unoccupied. The furnishings of the parlors leave much to be desired, but it is hoped that in the near future they will be refurnished.

A SOUVENIR SPOON.

PHILLIPS HALL.

Table Etiquette.

WE feel that any elucidation, demarcation or specific codification of regulations for table etiquette heretofore laid down either in prose or poetry, epic or lyric, equivocal or unequivocal, to be utterly inadequate to meet the demand. And in consequence of unlimited experience and vociferous erudition, and to relieve thousands suffering from indigestion and intimidation, we shall proceed to enumerate some general maxims adapted to all conceivable occasions.

Maxims of Etiquette.

Tea and coffee should always be poured into the saucer, then, lowering the head, sip it so as to avoid the rattle of a spoon.

If one desires more tea or coffee he should turn his saucer over and set his cup thereon.

If anything unpleasant should be in the food, such as a bug or a fly, quietly remove and dissect the creature by the aid of a small pocket-glass, and give your neighbors the benefit of your investigation.

Never cough or sneeze at the table, unless you do it involuntarily; then it should be well considered and often avoided by grasping the superior maxilla.

While eating, keep your elbows on the table opposite you, so as not to inconvenience your neighbor.

Take enough into the mouth at one time to operate freely the tear glands. This will increase also the saliva, which is so necessary to digestion.

Chew with the front teeth, and never conduct your conversation with an empty mouth; you might as well try to work with an empty stomach.

Never make two bites of a biscuit.

In eating pie, grasp firmly with both hands and deliberately draw yourself over it.

Never leave the table until everyone else has gone.

The Coxey Club.

MOTTO—*Mens sana in corpore sano.* COLORS—*Black and Blue.*

Yell.

Hoo! Gah! Hah! Hoo! Gah! Hah!
B double three C's [B (ccc)^2], Rah! Rah! Rah!

Who are we? Who are we?
Coxey Club of Beth–a–nee!

Members.

JAMES FINLEY STEWART, '96, General.
ELMER ELLSWORTH EAGON, '97, Commissariat.
HARRY GRANISON HILL, '97. The Great Unknown.
GEORGE BENJAMIN STEWART, '97, Aid-de Camp.
ERNEST EVERETT CRAWFORD, '96, Knapsack-Carrier.
DAVID PERKINS WARD, '97, Chaplain.

Mens Insana.

'TIS pleasant to roam when the morning's bright,
Over the Bethany hills;
When the sun is shedding its golden light
On the Buffalo's dancing rills.

When the bracing air and the woodbird's trills
Allures us to Nature's breast,
And the sweet-voiced Mother our spirits fills
With a feeling of peace and rest.

From this college came forth one of nature's puns
(Like the butterfly comes from the grub);
In '95 six of her noblest sons
Established the "Coxey Club."

A pedestrian club was the end we sought;
Then, the name was a famous one;
But Coxey's army 'll be long forgot
When *our* march is but begun.

Ere the sun arose we would pass the Hall
With a ringing "Hoo! Gah! Hah!"
And the sound came back from the old brick wall
With the echo of "Rah! Rah! Rah!"

We laughed at the cyclist's punctured tire;
We pitied the tired steed;
We turned our back on the horse of fire,
For of him we had no need.

Three miles an hour, eight hours a day,
Made the journey to Cumberland.
To Wheeling and back we wended our way,
Nor wearied that sturdy band.

Ah! the sad good-bye of the coming June,
When the jolly old days are fled;
Swift wings will have wafted them all too soon
To their place in the past that is dead.

G. B. STEWART. E. E. EAGON. J. F. STEWART. E. E. CRAWFORD. D. P. WARD.

THE COXEY CLUB.

The Irishman's Wooing.

BY OBADIAH QUILLS.

IT 'S a foine little lass ye are, Bridget McNulty,
Wid yer hair shtramin' down o'er yer shoulders so fair,
An' yer face is as shwate as shugar in a pantry;
Shure ye'd take the firsht prize at the nixt counthry fair.

Yer shoes they are shmall, yet yer fate they are shmaller,
An' yer neck is as whoite as the wing av a dove.
Ye have on sich a purty an' nate little collar,
An' yer hand it 'll fit a wae bit av a glove.

Faith, yer dress it fits ye loik the shkin on a 'tater;
Trimmed with ribbons as grane as the isle we are on.
Wid the Quane ye could git a posation as waither;
Faith, its proud she would be av so purty a one.

Ye 're nate an' ye 're shwate an' ye 're purty an' frisky;
Shure a pint Oi would give fer a kiss on yer nose;
A kiss would be worth more 'n a quart av good whiskey,
Fer ye 're orange an' vinella to the end av yer toes.

Now it 's listen to me, fair Bridget McNulty,
Till Oi shpake av somethin' that 's long bothered me loif:
Will ye change yer hind name fer the name av Gilhooly;
Come wid me to church and be me little woif?

It 's money Oi 've saved to marry thee, McNulty;
Wore a corn on me shoulder by carryin' the hod.
We can live so comfortably in a nate little shanty;
Kape a cow, a few chickens, a goat an' a hog.

Git out, ye shpalpeen, d' ye think Oi 'm a booby,
An' got niver a bit av sinse at all, at all?
Rather than marry the loiks av ye Patrick Gilhooly
Oi 'd shpatter me brains out agin a shtone wall.

Oh, oh! me foine lady, ye fly up in a shplutter.
Do n't open yer mouth so, or Oi 'll tumble down.
Begorra, Oi 'd rather be dead in the gutther
Than marry ye, if ye were the last girl in town.

Ye 're ugly, ye crank, for yer feet are twelve inches,
An' yer mouth is as large as a cellar thrap door;
Yer eye is as big as the headlight av an ingine,
An' yer weight, now, bejabbers, is just twenty score.

Farewell to ye now, ye ugly ould maid;
If ye come to our house in yer face Oi will shmoke.
Go out to the shwill barrel an' soak yer ould head.
An' Oi 'm sorry, bejabbers, that iver Oi shpoke.

It 's goin' Oi am, but do as Oi told ye;
Oi 've me money in the bank, and there Oi will kape it.
Now, begorra, do n't till anybody that Oi sold ye;
But phat would ye say if Oi really had mint it?

Komic Ads.

FOR the sake of those students who must enter upon the arduous duties of preparing "ads" for the papers, we submit the following copied from various papers, as samples.

WANTED—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

WANTED—Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday.

FOR SALE—A piano-forte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

WANTED—A boy who can open oysters with reference.

FOR SALE—Bull dog, will eat anything; very fond of children.

WANTED—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

WANTED—A boy to be partly behind and partly outside the counter.

WANTED—Good boys for punching.

WANTED—For the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage.

LOST—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle.

FOR SALE—A mail phaeton, property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new.

WIDOW in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

Some Things We Would Like to Know.

IF the parties who stole the skeleton from the Science room would like to have the finger they left behind?

If Professor Blanpied can manufacture some new jokes?

If Mr. Eagon will have a Brand (on) his prescription bottles?

How long some of the books in the library were printed before the flood?

What they keep in the College Museum?

If Mr. Moorhouse's aunt still lives in Chicago?

Why some rich man does n't leave Bethany about $250,000?

Why L. M. Curtis never talks any?

Why Mrs. Hawkins likes Mr. Whitacre so well?

When Archie will become President of the College?

If Professor Shell knows a pronoun when he sees it?

Why Titus does n't believe in the theory of sound waves?

What Ward intends to do when he gets through College?

Where Professor Shell learned to spike a cannon?

OLD Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got none.

CRAFT'S BOARDING HOUSE.

The Junior=Freshman Scrap.

THE Freshman stood at Bethany's door
With nothing in his head;
And when the Junior looked him o'er
He wished that he were dead.

Yet calm he stood in silence wrapt,
As born to conquer all—
But in the Junior-Freshman scrap
He got a mighty fall.

Still on they fought—he would not stop
Until a Junior bled;
And so he strove to gain the top,
And hit one on the head.

He shouted out, "Come, Freshie, come,
My spirit feels like lead!"
He knew not that the Freshies dumb
Were lying round half dead.

"Come, hurry up!" again he bawled,
"Or else I shall be gone."
And yet, they heard not what he called,
For all but two had flown.

Upon the campus he was rolled,
And mud clung to his hair,
And still he looked in askance bold,
Nor gave up in dispair.

And once again he shouted out,
"You villains, are you dead!"
But not a soul was round about,
For they were home in bed.

The Juniors flagged the tree that day,
And cut the chapel hour,
And burned the dummy stuffed with hay,
For all was in their power.

No more the Freshies blow for fun.
The captain—where is he?
Ask of the boy who saw him run
Behind the Junior tree.

And so we Juniors "did them up,"
And caused them all to part;
And cowardly fear for Juniors crept
Into each Freshie's heart.

Pendleton Heights.

A SKETCH of Pendleton Heights must be the sketch of a home to which interest can attach only in so far as it has always been a part of the College life, and will address itself to College memories of all old "Bethany boys." It was built by President Pendleton in 1841, and located in the bare expanse of what had been a wheat field. The fine old trees now shading the spacious grounds were all planted by Mrs. Pendleton and himself. The house was originally the old-fashioned square of three stories, with broad hall in the center and portico at front and rear; facing the village was a cross-hall into a one-story wing, with library on the left, a large conservatory on the right, and above, an immense gallery the length of the house and depth of the rooms beneath. Later, gradual changes were made, until, early in the '70's the entire building was remodeled to its present form. The wing facing the village now contains what was Mr. Pendleton's library; a large, cheery room with high ceiling and tall, gothic windows.

The history of life there is chiefly limited to that of a full and varied hospitality, such as the conditions of former times, in what was almost complete country life, made natural. From the foundation of the College, the fame of Alexander Campbell had brought visitors from all parts of the civilized world. At first the Campbell mansion entertained them; but in time, Pendleton heights first shared and finally inherited this privilege.

The first thing when a new student arrived was to try to make him feel at home at the Heights, where, if needed, the kindly ways and quick sympathies of Mrs. Pendleton sought to help him through the first days of threatened home-sickness. If he was ill at any time during his stay, he was likely to be brought there and nursed by her; and once—but only once in its long history—has a student died there.

The conditions of Mrs. Pendleton's life in those times called for much readiness of resource, a faculty for which, with her quick wit and hospitable instincts, she was also distinguished. One incident will illustrate: In 1872 Mr. Pendleton had been sent as senatorial representative to the West Virginia Constitutional Convention, of which he was

PENDLETON HEIGHTS.

president. On his return, he was to land at Wellsburg, on the Ohio river, seven miles from Bethany, and it occurred to the citizens there to give him a reception. A large procession of enthusiastic friends met him at the landing with banners and a band of music, and proceeded with him to Bethany, gathering numbers as it came. Mrs. Pendleton received her first intimation of this the afternoon before; the kitchen of a neighboring friend was, with her own, put into requisition, and a caterer was hastily summoned from the city of Wheeling, not more easily accessible then than by a hill road of sixteen miles. By afternoon of the next day she was smiling a welcome from the front portico, and there was ready an elaborate repast for the many hundred guests.

Certain informal things, pleasant in their way, gradually crystallized into established customs; such as, for example, that on Commencement day the Senior class always dined, with all their friends, at Pendleton Heights; and while for this occasion only a sort of picnic dinner was provided, yet, as the guests filled both house and grounds, it was always a merry, pleasant time.

When Mr. Pendleton resigned the Presidency of Bethany and went to live in Florida, he gave the old place to the College to be made a boarding hall for the girl students. Here lived with his family that gifted scholar, preacher and teacher, Professor J. M. Trible; and here he died.

In 1891, the number of girls in attendance having become too large to be comfortably lodged there, they were transferred to Phillips Hall, and Pendleton Heights has since been the residence of President McDiarmid.

The Study.

NESTLED among the trees and shrubbery of the flower-decked yard that surrounds the Campbell mansion yonder, there is a quaint but cozy little house. Overhung with evergreens, and resting upon a slight elevation near the road, its quaintness must have caught the eye and aroused the wonder of many a passerby.

The building is of brick, one-story high, octagonal in form, and has no means for admitting light save through a circle of small windows in the cupola that crowns its summit. We step within and see that book shelves encircle the walls; an old fire-place adorns the rear, and a large armed chair, together with a table, compose its scanty furniture. Just outside the building sits a rustic willow bench, placed there perchance to rest the weary traveler or to welcome the anxious pleasure seeker. Seat yourself by my side and I'll tell you its history.

That was the study and library of one of the master minds of his time. In that one-roomed house sat Alexander Campbell night after night solving religious and moral problems, and from that study came volumes of books that have shaped the thoughts and molded the lives of thousands of men and women since that great life has gone to its reward.

Upon being asked why he let the light pass in from above only, he replied, "Light descends from above;" and this seemed to be the motto of his life, for in the great work that he accomplished, he ever looked to heaven as the true source of light and life.

This little edifice, with the larger home, should be preserved a monument to the memory of its builder; and the mighty thoughts that were evolved within its walls will never perish, but will live an imperishable monument to the grand man who shall be remembered forever and a day.

CAMPBELL'S STUDY.

"Light Descends from Above."

Art Department.

THE Art Department of Bethany College is one of her important features. Professor Bessie C. Trible is a teacher with a true conception of the artistic, combined with the ability to impart her knowledge to others. Under her instruction the students triumphantly wend their way, step by step, through straight lines, cast drawings, masses of light and shade, and portrait drawing.

Previous to 1889 no regular Art Class was conducted in Bethany, but in the fall of that year Professor Trible took up the work and arranged a course for those wishing complete instruction in this branch. The course consists of free-hand drawing, sketching from nature, crayon and pastel work, and, as a special feature, portraits done in oil. China painting, though not required in the course, is also taught, and under Professor Trible's teaching proves a very delightful study.

Ever since this Department was started it has been successful. That interest is felt in the Class is shown by the number of visitors who find their way to the Art Room on working days, and who derive great pleasure from the inspection of the pictures in the various stages of completion. These pictures are from nature as well as from models, and nature is reproduceed in all her different phases. Fields, Brooks and Hills are *done* in a very artistic manner. Art seems to be a Junior study, and the Class entertains Junior visitors almost exclusively.

The annual Art exhibition is held at Commencement. The work finished by the students during the past year is displayed at this time. Many are the visitors to our dear old College, and they all agree that time could not be more pleasantly or more profitably spent than in a study of the gems that are to be found in Bethany's Art Department.

Base Ball.

THE national game has always been a favorite one with Bethany students. The Seniors of today, when base ball is mentioned in their presence, will tell of the crack teams of days gone by—how Bert So-and-so knocked home-runs with the bases full, and how Jack Some-body made the opposing batsmen fan wind. They will tell of how this and that college went down before the sturdy athletes of Bethany on the diamond, and with what loud cries they made the welkin ring on such an occasion.

And it is a noteworthy fact that Bethany, with only one hundred and fifty students, has always been able to support a team capable of successfully competing with the nines of much larger institutions, and with the leading athletic clubs of this vicinity. Probably the most successful and the strongest team that ever represented Bethany was that of 1895. Under the leadership of Captain Darsie, the team met and defeated clubs against whom Bethany had never before contested; and although in some cases it was vanquished, it was only after a sharp struggle, and after Bethany had given a good account of herself.

College Nine, 1895.

BEN POLLARD, P., E. W. MCDIARMID, S. S.,
FRED LAUCK, C., JOSEPH CAREY, 3 B.,
BURNS DARSIE, 1 B., EUGENE CURTIS, L. F.
C. M. WATSON, 2 B., W. D. TURNER, C. F.,
J. C. MORRIS, R. F.

SUBSTITUTES.

R. G. SCOTT, P., T. S. LEWIS, P.,

PRICE.

M. M. SCOTT, Manager. BURNS DARSIE, Captain.

WHITACRE. SALA, sub. PLACE, r. f. MERRYMAN.
WEIKER, c. CURTIS, l. f. LAUCK, c.
McDIARMID, s. s. (captain.) FISHER, 1 b. WHITE, m'g'r. COLYER, sub. McDIARMID, 2 b.
WATSON, 3 b. BIDDLE, mascot. STICKLEY, c. f.

BASE BALL TEAM.

Foot Ball.

FOOT BALL has been played in Bethany only during the last two years, and it is pleasing to the admirers of the game here, to see what has been accomplished in so short a time, and to know of the firm foothold it has obtained. Bethany has been remarkably free from causalities, which is wonderful considering the way the team plunged(?) into those Marietta fellows. For the benefit of our readers, we will say that nobody was killed here, in a game of foot ball. Probably the most notable game was at Hiram, where we cleaned them out to the tune of 12 to 10. It was with manifest reluctance that Hiram allowed Bethany to go with her scalp. At East Liverpool, Bethany kindly laid over and played the kindergarten, with the result, 46 to 0.

As a result of the experience of these two years, the eleven of the fall of 1896 will no doubt be a better one than hitherto, and one that will be capable of attacking teams that Bethany has not had courage enough to play before.

College Eleven, 1895.

RUSH LINE.

A. W. PLACE, L. E., H. A. WATSON, R. E.,
O. T. WHITACRE, L. T., WM. STICKLEY, R. T.,
A. C. CHAPMAN, L. G., GEORGE HUKILL, R. G.
C. S. ECHOLS, CENTER, C. W. ALEXANDER, QUARTER BACK,
J. J. WHITE, L. H. B., FRED BOOTH, R. H. B.,
C. A. GROOM, F. B.
OSCAR WELLS, MANAGER. H. A. WATSON, CAPTAIN.

College Foot Ball Games.

October 12—Bethany vs. Steubenville A. C., at Bethany...8–0.
October 19—Bethany vs. Marietta, at Marietta.....0–34.
November 16—Bethany vs. Hiram, at Hiram.....12–10.
November 18—Bethany vs. East Liverpool, at E. Liverpool...46–0.
November 28—Bethany vs. Steubenville A. C., at Wellsburg...4–4.

Chancellor-Elect of Bethany College.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL McKEEVER is in the prime of life, being a little on the sunny side of forty. The most of his time since leaving College has been spent west of the Mississippi, where he has won wide recognition both as a strong and magnetic speaker and as a man possessing in a marked degree those qualities that win confidence and inspire regard. His father, Campbell McKeever, is remebered as an eloquent preacher, a man of remarkable energy and business tact, greatly beloved by a large circle of friends.

Mr. McKeever's duties, embracing the general supervision and direction of all the interests involved in the conduct of the institution, will make it expedient for him to divide his time between the College and the field. And while these duties will not admit of systematic teaching, yet he will be frequently present to become personally acquainted with the students, to speak to them from time to time from the lecture platform, and to be heard from the pulpit.

A man of clear and strong convictions, he has accepted this responsible position because he believes that the prosperity of Bethany College is an element of prime importance to the prosperity of that religious teaching for which she was the first to stand, and that as such, its honor must be near the heart of our brotherhood, and its work blessed by the Master. And it is his expressed purpose to devote himself to the effort to bring into closer touch with the College founded by Alexander Campbell, not only its Alumni, wherever to be found, but all christians who believe that the labors of that tireless christian soldier in the battle for truth, ought to be kept fresh and honored before the world, in the upbuilding, strengthening and perpetuating of that institution.

V. G. HOSTETTER. H. G. HILL. J. P. SALA. O. T. WHITACRE. N. L. MCDIARMID.
KATHERINE RALSTON. NAN E. WESTWOOD.

THE METEOR STAFF.

THE END

The New

• • •

Haskins

• • •

Hospital,

• • •

Wheeling,

West....

Virginia.

The finest and best equipped hospital between New York and Columbus.

• • •

Graduate Nurses.

• • •

Every facility for the comfort and proper care of patients.

• • •

Solid Georgia Marble Operating Room.

• • •

Wards provided with everything essential to patient's welfare.

• • •

Its Surroundings for beauty and cheerfulness are not excelled by any in the city.

FRED L. HALL,

Tailor and Draper,

Guarantees You Satisfaction.

Visit . . . . .
And Examine

Room 4, ...
City Building

Wellsburg, W. Va.

J. M. COOPER,

DRUGGIST,

WELLSBURG, W. VA.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

HAIR AND CLOTH BRUSHES
TOILET SOAPS
COMBS
PERFUMERY

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
WINDOW GLASS, STATIONERY

A. SMITH'S { JEWELRY ... AND ... BAZAAR } CORNER,

WHERE A COMPLETE LINE OF NOTIONS AND STATIONERY IS KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

REPAIRING OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

WELLSBURG, W. VA.

..AT ALL TIMES..

You

Can

Find at

Chas. Heil's Meat Market

FRESHEST
And BEST. Meats

....IN....

Wellsburg, West Virginia.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE
IN CONNECTION.

CASKETS AND COFFINS KEPT ALWAYS ON HAND.

DAY OR NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

GEO. W. MCCLEARY, WELLSBURG.

FRANK WILLIAMS.

FIRST CLASS ❋ ❋

SHAVING PARLOR.

YOUR TRADE
SOLICITED.

THE BEST OF ❋ ❋

ACCOMMODATIONS.

PATRONIZE ONE ❋

UNDERSTANDING

HIS BUSINESS. ❋

YOU KNOW
THE PLACE.

BETHANY, W. VA.

Many Men

Have Eyes
But See Not;
Have Ears
But Hear Not.

Use your senses and look at our new goods for summer trade. Give our summer line your most careful scrutiny.

Your Eyes will See

The most thoroughly made custom work.

Your Ears will Hear

The most favorable comments and tributes of praise from all fine dressers.

Your own judgement will discover the moderate prices for superior work.

JOSEPH MAY,

Fine Merchant Tailor, Clothier and Gent's Furnisher,

328 Market St., Steubenville, O.

Huffman & Hodge,

Proprietors of

THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Will take your order for

ANY.. WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY BOOK

ON THE MARKET.

A full line of text books and fine stationery always on hand at rock bottom prices.

We are agents for Webster's International Dictionary . . . . . .

Bethany, West Va.

THE BEST LIVERY
IN BETHANY . . . . .

...WM. P. COWANS...

All old students know Cowans for he
has been in the business
over 20 years.

Fine Surries and Buggies.

Students coming to Bethany, by addressing me at this place, will be met at Wellsburg or Brilliant at any day or night train.

YOUR PATRONAGE . . .
IS KINDLY SOLICITED.

ATTENTION, STUDENTS!

WHY

Go elsewhere to buy when you can get anything you need in the latest styles at Gibson's

A FULL LINE OF

Ladies' and Gents'
Furnishing Goods,
Always Kept in Stock.

We make a Specialty of
Gents' Fine Collars.
Latest Style Tan Shoes.

LUNCH GOODS, CANDIES, ORANGES, BANANAS, FRUITS,

In Stock all Seasons.

J. M. WALKER & CO.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE, STOVES,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

HOLLOWWARE,

TINWARE, WOODENWARE,

PUMPS, BELTING,

PACKING, ROPE,

MILL SUPPLIES, &c.

AGENTS FOR

THE CELEBRATED

CLEVELAND AND ENVOY

BICYCLES.

MRS. L. BELTZ,

WELLSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA,

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS,

CLOAKS, FURS, SHOES,

NOTIONS,

WINDOW SHADES, TRUNKS,

AND OIL CLOTHS.

WE KEEP THE

IMPERIAL CORSET WAIST.

ALSO,

F. P. AND ARMORSIDE

CORSETS;

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITES.

IN FACT,

WE ALWAYS HAVE

JUST WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

AND AT

POPULAR PRICES.

Special . .

Attention,

Students!

We have opened our new Spring Goods, and have the largest line of foreign and domestic woolens that has ever been displayed in Steubenville. Get your spring suit made to order at **GOTTMANN'S. . . .** Our business is making clothes to order for men exclusively.

We Pay Railroad Fare for Students.

The . .

Honest

Way. .

We treat customers is the reason of our great success. The clothes we make are famous for **Fit, Finish and Workmanship. . . . .** Money refunded if the clothes are not as represented. Call and see our new suitings, trouserings, silk vestings, etc. You are welcome to inspect without the obligation to purchase.

Wm. Gottman & Son, . . Fashionable Merchant. . Tailors, . .

115 North Fourth St.

Steubenville, Ohio. . . . .

DO . . . .

YOU . . .

SMOKE,

EM? . .

? ? ? ? ? ? ?

TRY McKEE'S

LITTLE DUTCH STOGIES.

THE FINEST ON THE MARKET.

"CHERRY DIAMOND"

IS A GREAT

10 CENT CIGAR.

YOU CAN'T BEAT

..THOSE "CURARETTES"

FOR A 5 CENT CIGAR.

$1.00. $1.00.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Panhandle News,

Of Wellsburg, W. Va.

The Paper of
The Largest Circulation
In the County.

Giving foreign, congressional, state and local news, the latest market prices, and choice reading matter. Bethany news a specialty.

Everybody interested in Bethany and Bethany College—citizens, instructors and students,—should take the **Panhandle News.**

The paper under the present manager, who was for forty-three years a citizen of Bethany and connected by many ties to college and town, citizen and student, has always given much attention to Bethany matters. New permanent arrangements have been made to report everything pertaining to Bethany. Considerable more space will be given.

Subscriptions and orders taken for papers at Bethany postoffice. Only $1.00 per year if paid in advance.

J. E. CURTIS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Do You Know
THAT
T. W. BAUMER
& CO.
SELL
KRAKAUER,
LUDWIG, . .
AND THE RENOWNED
STEINWAY .
PIANOS.
CATALOG AND PRICES
FOR THE ASKING.
WHEELING, W. VA.

When You Need a First Class Rig, Buggy or Surrey,

MOORE BROS.

Special attention is given to rigs for pleasure and excursion parties. . . . .

TRY US.

When coming to Bethany, write us in advance and we will meet you at the train. . . . . .

Bethany, W. Va.

We Can Give You the Very Best of Satisfaction.

Thorough work is always required.

THIS INSTITUTION IS OPEN

Location beautiful and healthful.

To young men and young women on equal terms. Classical, Scientific, Literary, Musical and Art courses, constitute the six courses of study in the college.

BETHANY COLLEGE

A preparatory course is also provided for students who are not prepared to enter upon the regular college studies. The fifty-fifth session opens September 21st, 1896. For catalogue address,

Independent thinking is encouraged.

BETHANY COLLEGE,
BETHANY, W. VA.

A liberal policy prevails.

Printing

THAT IS NOT SMEAR WORK.

... NEATLY ... Executed.

..PRINTERS.. Not Botchers.

..THE BEST.. Is Cheapest.

• • •

Our printing department is equipped with fast steam presses, an abundance of the best selected stock of plain and artistic type faces, employs experienced printers, uses best quality stock, and turns out printed work that is a credit to both the printer and customer. . . . .

• • •

. . . Printers of . . .

"The Meteor"

For 1896.

• • •

The Minerva News,

SALA BROS., Proprietors,

No. 235 Market Street, = Minerva, Ohio.

O'NEILL,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

...Wheeling, W. Va...

WALTER COWANS O--O

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.

ALL STUDENTS SHOULD PATRONIZE HIM.....

WELLSBURG, - - WEST VIRGINIA.

FOR UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR

WRITE TO....

FRANK MURPHY,

410 MARKET ST.,

STEUBENVILLE, ~ OHIO.

J. G. JOHNSON'S,

SHAVING PARLOR,

COOPER ROGERS BLOCK,

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

The Way of It.

He loved her, she loved him—
That 's the way they all begin it;
He introduced another man,
And now he is n't in it.

Illustrator of the Bethany "Meteor."

Half-Tone Engravings

FOR ALL PURPOSES.

BINNER

The Leading College Annual Illustrator.

CHICAGO

FACILITIES ARE UNSURPASSED

For Doing Finest Work.

The Binner Engraving Co., Fisher Building.

Dr. T. H. Weirich & Co., Druggists.

We Manufacture . . . . .

Strictly Pure Baking Powder,
Violetta for the Complexion,
Compound Cough Syrup,
Sarsaparilla,
Corn Cure,
Headache Powders,
Extract Vanilla,
Extract Lemon.

ALSO A COMPLETE LINE OF

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

LARGEST STOCK OF

WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL, VARNISHES, WINDOW GLASS AND PAINT BRUSHES IN THE CITY.

ALL PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED BY REGISTERED PHARMACISTS, AND MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS, PURE EXTRACTS AND SPICES, TOILET ARTICLES AND PERFUMERY, COMBS, HAIR AND CLOTH BRUSHES, FINE SOAPS AND SPONGES . . . . . .

THE CITY DRUG STORE,

MAIN STREET,

WELLSBURG, - - WEST VIRGINIA.